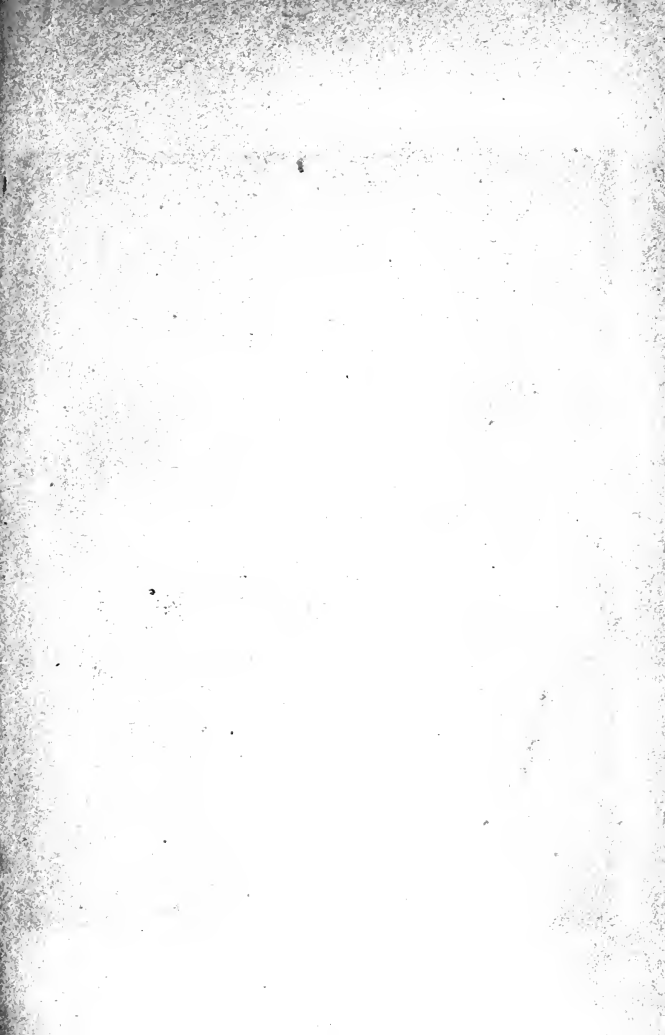


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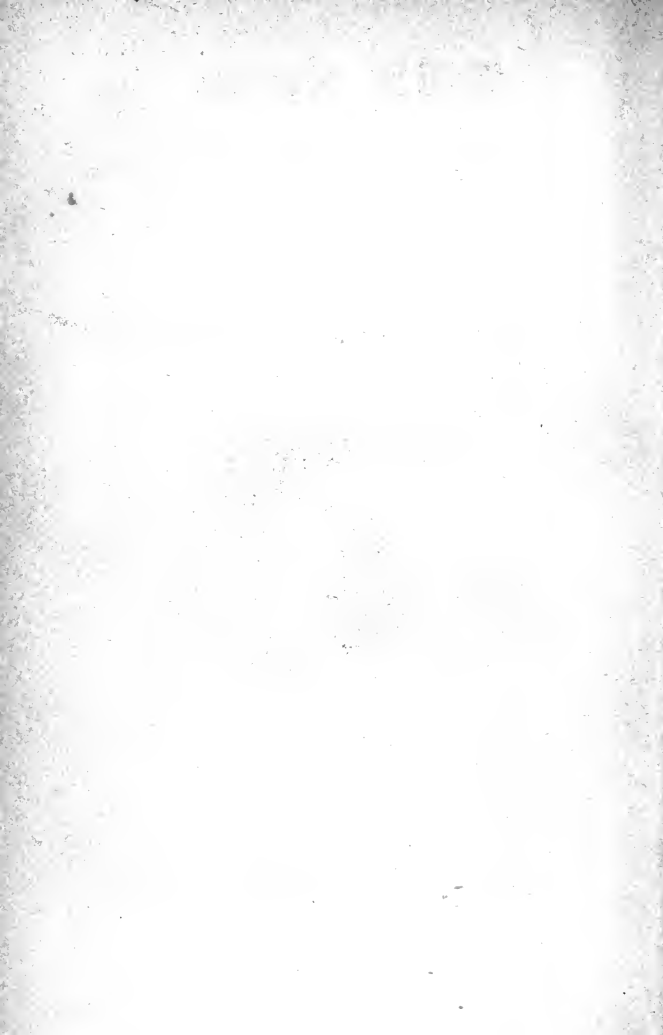
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THE GEM:

A

CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR'S

PRESENT.

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P R E F A C E .

FLATTERED by the success that attended the former publication of *THE GEM*, the publisher is induced to present another volume to the public, in the hope that it will meet a like favourable reception.

He would take this opportunity of expressing his thanks for the liberal encouragement hitherto extended to his publications of a similar character ; a continuance of which, it will always be his aim to merit.

To the contributors, also, to the present volume, his thanks are due : and he would be happy to welcome the productions of other writers which may be suited to a publication of this kind.

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HELEN AUGUSTA.

BY MRS. C. H. W. ESLING.

I know thee not, fair Helen—thou may'st be a father's
pride,

The darling of an old man's heart, that hath no one
beside;

Perchance a mother's cherish'd one, a treasure fond-
ly given

To make this lower earth of ours seem almost like
to heaven.

Perhaps thou hast a brother too, who builds in thee
his joys,

Still the glad idol of the man—as erst thou wert the
boy's,

Who gazing on thy sparkling eyes, and on thy snowy
brow,

Loves to retrace the little child, in the bright woman
now.

Or, dost thou tell me thou'rt a bride, the sunshine of
one heart,

The ray that sweetly lights it up, tho' all else should
depart;

The fair, the plighted wedded one, who at the altar
stone

Vow'd her young heart, that priceless gift, unto
man's love alone.

I'm weary of conjecturing—in sooth I know thee not,
And yet there dwells within thine eye what may not
be forgot;

A something of an old-time friend seems softly lin-
gering there,

Just such a quiet look of love, her own eye used to
wear.

And thou hast conjured up again that image of the
past,

Reknit the links of that fond chain that round my
heart was cast,

Brought back my early days of hope, when life, like
summer hours,

Seem'd leading but to sunny scenes, and paths of
blooming flowers.

I love upon thy pictured face thus earnestly to gaze
For those sweet reminiscences of old departed days,
Those days that never come again, save when some
 face like thine
Rekindles the pale lamp again that gleams on memo-
 ry's shrine.

Farewell, sweet Helen—many now will gaze upon
 thy face,
Will worship the fair loveliness of its pure, perfect
 grace;
Will praise those polish'd rounded arms, those clus-
 tering ringlets bright,
And live upon the sunny ray of thine eyes' azure
 light.

While I, who loved thee for the dream which thou
 hast conjured up,
Giving unto my thirsting lips again life's sweetest
 cup,
Shall listen to the praises pour'd upon thy pictured
 head,
And treasure them as loving words—but spoken of
 the dead.

THE BRIGAND'S DAUGHTER.

A YOUNG British officer, of the — regiment, quartered at Corfu, was in the habit of hunting frequently in Greece. He was well-mounted on an English hunter, whose wind and speed he had frequently tried among the mountains. One day, the hounds of the regiment to which he belonged, started a roe, which led them a long and weary chase; and the excellence of his horse, and his own skill, enabled him to leave his companions far behind.

They had started early, and, like James Fitz James, the sun was already in the high heaven, ere the capture of his game enabled him to rein his steed. He was now in a remote country, quite alone, having left his companions far behind; and, in the eagerness of pursuit, caring not whither he went—he was also far from the shore. The utmost he could do, from the highest rock in his neighbourhood, was to see the blue Mediterranean at a great distance.

The few hounds which followed, and caught their

game, were quite tired; and his horse, bloody, and covered with sweat from excessive riding. He determined, however, not to pass the night among the mountains, and, taking the Mediterranean as his guide, he resolved to make his way, as well as he could, to Butrinto, from whence he had set out.

He had not proceeded far, when, his horse becoming very lame, he was forced to consider what he had best do. He was unwilling to leave him in the mountains, where he, perhaps, might never find him again, as there appeared to be no symptom of a human habitation in the neighbourhood. He, accordingly, ungirthed him, and set to grooming him himself. He then brought him some water in his cap, to which he added brandy from his hunting flask, which the generous animal drank, and seemed to be revived.

He thus, after a while, was enabled to proceed; and, in about an hour's slow travelling, got a better view of the Ionian sea, with its numerous and beautiful islands. The day was now, however, far spent; and it was with much delight, that, from the top of a hill, he espied the white walls of a Greek cottage before him. He determined, at all risks, to seek admission, and an asylum for the night. He ap-

proached the door, which he found shut: he knocked loudly with his hunting-whip; and quickly the door was opened by a Greek female, the loveliest his eyes had ever rested on.

The cause of manhood and misfortune seldom finds a deaf ear among the ladies; and this beautiful Greek yielded to its influence, and readily offered him an asylum; telling him, at the same time, that he must depart at daybreak; for, if her male friends, who bore no great love to the English, caught him there, he might repent his intrusion.

Costello (for such was the officer's name) readily assented, and joyfully took possession of the small chamber the beautiful Zoraida showed him for the night. He even, in the ecstasy of his admiration for his beautiful hostess, nearly forgot his poor steed. His recollection, however, quickly returned; and he sallied out to the stable, and made the necessary arrangements for his comfort himself. The peculiarity of his situation not a little surprised him. Alone, amid the desert mountains of Albania, with the most beautiful woman his eyes ever rested on; and conjecture seemed at a stand to account for her solitary situation. 'Tis true, she had spoken of male relations; but he had, as yet, seen no human

form in that solitude, except herself. There was a neatness about the cottage which scarcely belonged to a Greek peasant; and her language, although a Greek in habit and appearance, was pure Tuscan.

On his return from the stable, he found his beautiful hostess had prepared a suitable collation; which, with a cup of the good wine of Thessaly, made him forget his fatigue. She seemed not unwilling to enter into conversation. Costello was a good linguist. Having been some time in Florence, he spoke the genuine Tuscan with sufficient fluency. He therefore willingly seized the opportunity offered of entering into a conversation in that language, to which her soft melodious voice lent an additional harmony.

Her story was short. She belonged to a party of brigands, who occupied this retreat among the mountains; from whence they made excursions on the plains for plunder, on one of which they were now absent. They had lately come from the opposite coast of Calabria; and her father (who was the head of the gang) was originally from Pisa, where she had been brought up, which accounted for the purity of her language.

"She was," she said, "tired of that kind of life,

which was now doubly odious to her, as her father was forcing her to marry one of his own gang—a young Albanian, whose habits and disposition she could not fancy.”

She owned she was unhappy; and the downcast melancholy of her beautiful eyes, too well attested the truth of her assertion. Costello felt for her; to which, perhaps, the extreme beauty of her appearance not a little tended. He resolved to rescue her; yet, how to effect it he did not know. It was more easily thought of than executed. In the ardour of the moment, he mentioned it to her. He urged her to fly with him. She hesitated—she resisted—at last, yielded.

“But not now,” said she; “I must again see my father. Poor, miserable old man! he will now have nobody to watch over him—to pray for him. Perhaps he may now fall a victim to his own blood-thirsty companions. Return,” she continued, “to your own quarters; prepare a few servants to attend you; and, in the next dark of the moon, meet me under yonder rock, at midnight, and I shall be prepared to accompany you to some place, where you may be able to procure a safe escort for me back to Pisa.”

Costello promised all she asked. He retired to rest; and the next morning, at daybreak, started off, on his return to Corfu, bearing with him the image of the beautiful Zoraida strongly impressed on his imagination.

Another week passed on, without their meeting: still Zoraida was uppermost in his thoughts. The moon had now arrived at that point in her orbit, at which, even in that delightful climate, she veils her light for a short time; and Costello, thinly attended, and ignorant of the errand of danger he was entering on, prepared to put in execution his intention of rescuing the beautiful Zoraida, and making her his own.

He found no difficulty in retracing his route; and, leaving his servants and horses at the foot of the mountain, joyfully ascended the rock, armed simply with his sword and a case of pistols.

An overhanging mountain, sheltered all from the back, while before them stretched the fair plains and valleys of Epirus, though now shaded by the veil of night. Another moment—and Costello held the beautiful Zoraida in his arms. They had just turned, to descend to the horses, when two brigands rushed from behind the rock, and, with the cry of

"Faithless Zoraida!" "Villain Inglese!" plunged a dagger into each of their hearts. The following morning saw the corpses of the beautiful Zoraida and the unfortunate Costello in the market-place of Corfu.

THE MANIAC.

Sweet summer flowers were braided in her hair,
As if in mockery of the burning brow
Round which they drooped and withered—singing
now
Strains of wild mirth, and now of vain despair,
Came the poor wreck of all that once was fair,
And rich in high endowments, ere deep woe
Like a dark cloud come o'er her, and laid low
Reason's proud fane, and left no brightness there.
Yet you might deem *that grief* was with the rest
Of all her cares forgotten, save when songs
And tales she heard of faithful love unblest,
Of man's deceit, and trusting maidens' wrongs.
Then, and *then only*, in her lifted eyes,
Remembrance beamed, and tears would slowly rise.

KATHERINE WYCLIFFE.

KATHERINE WYCLIFFE could not remember to have seen her father. He had died in her early infancy. She lived in a western county, at a small village, which contained no more houses than a few laborers' cottages, the unpretending residence of Mrs. Wycliffe, the antique parsonage, and the large and dignified mansion of a baronet, the lord of the manor, and owner of extensive estates in the neighbourhood.

The home of Katherine had once been a farmhouse, and it still exhibited much of that simple and rustic character. Its garden joined the lonely little churchyard, from which it was only divided by a low hedge; and from the windows of the house the graceful Gothic church, with its old yew tree, was visible to the right; and just beyond its end a corner of the irregular brick-built parsonage, covered with a wilderness of ivy. To the left extended the park of Sir Ferdinand Fortescue, at one extremity of which the church had been erected, and a long avenue of large horse-chestnut trees stretched up the

varied ascent, whereupon, amid ancient woods, was built the mansion. Its venerable front, portions of which might be seen through the foliage, was, like the vicarage, of dark brick, but adorned with a profusion of rich and grotesque stone carved-work.

Katherine was very fond of sitting for hours at one of the windows which commanded a view of these objects and of the expanse of country directly opposite her mother's house. No sounds could reach her but those of the bees and birds, or the occasional lowings of the cattle and cries of the deer in the beautiful park. And as often as the weather permitted her she left the house, and occupied a seat on a bank in the garden, shaded with lilies and laburnums, and sheltered by some evergreens, from which she looked directly upon the green mounds of the churchyard. But Katherine did not dislike to see these quiet unobtrusive records of mortality, hallowed as they were by the neighbouring influence of religion, and of the prospect which had met her eyes, even from her infancy, the part which she could the least have borne to lose, was the narrow grass-grown enclosure, with the red berries of the yew on its gravel path, and the leaves from the surrounding trees resting so lightly on its graves.

She had grown to be almost a woman without

once thinking that she was anything but a child. She was not pretty, but she wanted only a little of being beautiful. For though her skin was as pale and clear as the whitest of the flowers she loved, and her features might easily have been more perfectly chiselled, yet her smooth forehead, over which her long brown hair parted, (like a silken veil over an alabaster vase,) her delicate mouth, and fair large hazel eyes, with lashes, in whose shadow seemed to be the atmosphere of a world of thought—these, and her graceful figure, and, above all, her low musical voice and gentle smile, made her, nothing indeed to the crowd, for it had never seen her, but something very sweet and precious to the few who knew of her existence. Her acquaintances were scarcely more than the clergyman and the lord of the manor, of whose houses I have said something. The former was a widower with one son; the latter, who died when Katherine was about fifteen, left two sons and as many daughters to the care of Lady Fortescue.

Everard Marlow, the son of the vicar, was two or three years older than Katherine, and, as you will have expected, was passionately in love with her. He had been educated exclusively by his father; and, as he had never left the village in which she had always lived—and as, moreover, only a small

field divided the gardens of their respective homes—it is not surprising that they should frequently have been companions. The greater part of Katherine's knowledge had been gained in conversation with Everard, and all his conceptions of those lovely supra-mundane natures of whom his Platonising father delighted to discourse, were modelled from the young maiden, whom he saw almost every day, and sometimes all day long. He often brought her books from the library of the vicarage; sometimes they enjoyed them together. But, at all events, she never read a page of Herbert, or Drayton, or Walton, or Spenser, or Froissart, which they did not afterwards talk about earnestly and delightedly. They rejoiced to walk together in field or garden, and to draw from every flower some bright and fragrant morality, in which a more exquisite and personal meaning was often not wanting. And now and then they stood in that old churchyard, and would clothe the tender solemnities of death in that rich and delicate pomp wherewith our forefathers delighted to array them. Nor were their innocent paths unilluminated by visions of religious antiquity—of the knight watching his armour, from eve till morning, in some gray isle, on the eve of perilous and holy enterprise—of his lady girding on him that

consecrated sword which yet she trembled to look upon; or of the solitary in his little hermitage amid the pathless woods. And thus the triumphal banners which the strength of their youthful affection bore into all the dim regions of human meditation, were emblazoned with the very heraldry of heaven.

Katherine was never so well pleased to walk in the broad fields, or in the shady park, as when Everard accompanied her. She never sang with such an intense expression, as when the song was of his inditing. And he, silent, retiring, and ill at ease in any other society, with her was eloquent and inventive—his tongue rich in thought and imagery—and his very bearing more bold, open, and spirited. Yet when they were together there sometimes came to both of them moments of confusion, hesitation, faltering speech, downcast eyes, and trembling hands, when they were pained by silence, and afraid to speak; nor did these occasions supply very bitter remembrances. You may ask what they looked forward to. But, in truth, they never looked forward at all, or examined the state of their feelings. They rejoiced in each other's presence, as they rejoiced in the brightness of the sky and the beauty of the country, and perceived not that there was any danger in

the affection which lent to the heavens and the landscape a deeper interest and tenfold glory.

This could not last; and before Katherine was seventeen, the circumstances were preparing which must render her miserable. They were wakened from their dream by the death of Mr. Marlow, in the summer, at the close of which he had designed to send his son to one of the universities. Everard had now no friend on earth but Katherine and her mother, nor more money than would be required for a few months' subsistence. He saw his father buried, and a day or two after sat down in the little study crowded with books, where they had so often spent pleasant hours among authors whose light no age can render dim; and here, amid so many memorials of his dead father, and productions of the wisest teachers, he set himself to review his own position and prospects, and to form some determination for his future guidance. He could, however, come to no resolution more definite than that of immediately repairing to London, and there seeking for some employment suitable to his age, abilities, and education. This plan he decided to put in practice on the next day.

That evening he went to take leave of Mrs. Wyc-

liffe, who had always treated him with the familiarity and kindness of a mother. Katherine started when she heard his intention, and for a moment trembled violently. But he explained so clearly the necessity for this conduct that she did not attempt to alter his determination. They were all silent and melancholy, and Everard felt that, if he remained in the presence of Katherine, he should give way to a burst of imprudent and unmanly sorrow. He soon left them, and in parting shook so convulsively that he could scarcely touch the hand of his mistress, and there was a tempest of agony in his wild and stammering "God bless you."

It was but an hour or two after this when he stood under the translucent sky of a summer night beside his father's newly-made grave. His mind was too tumultuous for the place; he felt it a kind of sacrifice to look upon that fresh-laid turf; he turned from it, and knelt, and prayed to God, and his reflections became calmer and more resolute. I will not attempt to tell you what were his thoughts while he thus meditated and mourned over the remains of his parent. His worldly situation was now as desolate as possible; and, but for his attachment to Katherine, so would have been his heart. In leaving the churchyard, he passed close to the low hedge which divided

it from her garden. He looked to the window of her chamber, but it was dark; and to lose the happiness of gazing at a light which would have been shining on her face, was a great additional misery to him. However, in turning his eyes to the garden in which he had so often walked, he was recompensed for his first disappointment by seeing Katherine herself. She was standing under an acacia, and leaning against the stem, with her hands closed and drooping, and her head bent sorrowfully downwards. In a moment Everard was beside her, and had seized those slender hands, and pressed one of them to his heart, and the other to his lips. The lady had been weeping, and her tears now flowed anew; and in her affliction she thought not of repelling the youth when he clasped her in his arms, and kissed her dark eyes and her quivering mouth. And when he asked her to promise that she would be true to him under whatever circumstances, her head fell upon his shoulder, and she whispered, "Yes."

That night there was a kind of victorious desperation and miserable triumph in the feeling which kept Everard awake while he thought of his own utter helplessness in the world, and of the intoxicating happiness from which it debarred him. He

set out early next morning, and for the first time had to exercise an independent will. And while he was struggling to procure subsistence in London, Katherine also was brought into a new situation. She and her mother had always been acquainted with Lady Fortescue and her children. Henry, the young baronet, was now a member of Christ Church, and spent the university vacations at home. Latterly, his walks or rides towards the church became much more frequent; and it was whispered in the village that this did not arise from mere admiration for the architecture of the antique building, but that he was considerably influenced by its proximity to the house of Katherine Wycliffe.

Now, you must know, the two Misses Fortescue were remarkably well educated young ladies. If you had heard them talk about any one of three or four sciences, you would never have found out (unless you were much more learned, and much more inquisitive than is fashionable) that they understood nothing of what they were saying, and (which might perhaps be a little the cause of their knowledge being such as I mentioned) that they cared nothing about the subjects of those sciences. They could certainly turn English into French or Italian, and at the same time preserve so completely the character of the

original, that no one who saw their exercises could doubt for a moment from what language they were translated. Their feet were not worse instructed than their minds; some people even said better, for they danced admirably. Moreover, they sang and played as well as if they had been machines made only for that very purpose. They were also very fond of reading those sage productions—romantic stories, and professed to take great delight in poetry; but I think I observed that they were more pleased with Mr. Westall's illustrations of "Paradise Lost," than with the poem itself; and I am sure they would have considered it very tedious to pay much attention either to the human species (except as it might furnish them with lovers and husbands) or to natural objects, which are commonly the materials of poetry. Lastly, they and their mother were said to have resolved that they would marry no one of lower rank than peers.

This, I am aware, has been a little digression; but I wished you to understand that there were very good reasons why Katherine could not be an intimate friend of the Misses Fortescue, and consequently that I have not neglected anything important to her, in hitherto omitting all particular mention of them. But they now more frequently accompanied

their brother in his visits to Mrs. Wycliffe, and endeavoured to engage her daughter to pass more of her time at the Manor House. This may have been at Sir Ferdinand's persuasion; for, they were very much dependent on him as to the amount of their fortunes, and were also remarkably affectionate sisters. But though his opportunities of seeing Katherine were thus, in some degree, increased, she would by no means consent to enter into that close familiarity with any of the family which he appeared to wish; and he did not derive as much advantage in her affection even from the pretty frequent interviews he enjoyed, as a young, rich, and handsome baronet might have seemed fairly entitled to when he paid court to a portionless and obscure young lady. Nor did Katherine exactly dislike him; for with the liveliness of a man of talent, and the ease of a man of the world, to her he was profoundly and devotedly respectful. But she saw that he was impetuous, and almost overbearing in temper, and she suspected that, except where some particular attachment impelled him, he was habitually indifferent to the welfare of others. But above all his suit was hopeless when she thought at the same time of him and of Everard, in the eyes of the world a trembling, rustic boy; but as she knew him, and no one then living

but herself did know him, benevolent, brave, pious, learned, eloquent, and impassioned! In truth, however, it did not once occur to her to make any formal comparison between them. The feeling which dictated her vow of fidelity to Everard had not since flagged for a moment. Everard Marlow was her chosen lover, her betrothed husband, and Sir Henry Fortescue a passing stranger. The one had grown and rooted himself for years into her heart; while the other was but a leaf whirled by the breeze across her path.

Yet month after month passed on, and Sir Ferdinand did not relax in his pretensions. Lady Fortescue, probably because she was powerless in the matter, did not attempt to interfere, and her son would not make any formal proposal which might enable Katherine to give him a decided rejection. He felt that she offered him not the slightest encouragement; and, he suspected that he might have a more fortunate rival, and that this rival might be Everard. The latter wrote to his mistress, not frequently, but with the utmost enthusiasm of passion. He said little of his worldly situation, but Katherine thought she could discover in all he said an undertone of reluctant despair: and the expression of a breaking heart seemed to pierce and jar amid the

deepest and fondest accents of love. The melancholy girl answered his letters by entreaties that he would let her know the worst. But for more than a year he evaded to reply distinctly, and talked only of his recollections and his hopes.

At length she received a letter to the following effect: "When we parted, dear Katherine, I had little, indeed, of clear expectations, but much of vague hope. I saw indistinct visions of literary eminence and professional fortune, but your affection was the star that glittered through the clouds, the rainbow that gleamed upon them. I was, in truth, wofully ignorant of my own powers and the world's wants. I have been compelled to labour like a beast of burden that I might win a scanty subsistence. I came to London with fair general acquirements and moderate abilities; but I was unfit for any one profession, or even decent trade. I had no resource but my pen; and in the attempt to obtain literary employment of any kind whatever I met with a thousand rebuffs and insults. I endured all that I could not repel, and at last succeeded in gaining my daily bread. But how often have I been forced to choose between the going without a day's food and the writing what I did not believe, or could not approve of. You, and you alone on earth, will

not be surprised that I did what I knew to be right. But this is not the worst; the starving the body is little to the destruction of the mind; and in merely doing that which is involved in the very idea of writing for a support, I felt that I was breaking into a ruin, and covering with poisonous weeds whatever little my soul may once have contained of strong and honest. Though I never have blasphemed my own convictions, I was compelled to decide when I was ignorant, to publish little notions as large principles, to write with earnestness about things which I despised, to turn my back upon profound and generous studies, that I might give myself wholly up to the meagre pettiness of the popular irritations which prevail for an hour. Every thought which might have grown into something of strength and beauty, had to be strangled at the moment of its birth, that it might be offered, without delay, to the impatient anatomy or greedy hunger of the public. The soil which might perhaps have nourished one full-grown oak, is exhausted in the production of eternal crops of saplings, to be perpetually cut down and cast into the furnace. Moreover, during this degrading course of exertion, scarcely any day suffices for more than its own wants, and there is not the possibility of labouring to become possessed of professional instruc-

tion. Every moment of this kind of existence devours something of that provision (of time and thought) appointed by God for the service of the future.

“But, Katherine, I would have persevered in enduring all this misery, all this *guilt*—I could almost have submitted to what I felt as degradation and ruin, so that I had but gained the most miserable additional chance of making you my own. But, alas! I was, I am, without hope or prospect of any kind. I have fully resolved to leave London immediately, and struggle through the expenses of the Cambridge course as best I may. I am fearfully answerable to God if I remain a moment longer than is absolutely necessary—a machine which, while by acting it gradually destroys its own principle of motion, serves at the same time no outward purpose, save the diffusion of shallow follies, if not pernicious lies. But think, my beloved Katherine, to what fate this plan of going to Cambridge, my *only* conceivable plan of life, must infallibly condemn you. When I have laboured, and starved, and studied my way to a degree, I shall be four years older than I am now, and I trust somewhat wiser. But the sole imaginable resource which could make me a *richer* man would be a fellowship, and the Fel-

lows of colleges are condemned to celibacy, until, perhaps at past fifty, they receive church livings. My whole onward path is one of shame, and doubt, and gloom, and struggle; and you, Katherine—you who thought me worthy of your precious love—you whom for years I have loved with my whole soul, and whom I love at this moment as fondly and intensely, as when at our parting your tears wet my lips—you must not, shall not be bound by the chain which weighs so heavily on me. God is my witness that I can conceive no sacrifice which I would not make as readily as shake the dust from off my feet, if I could thereby put myself in a position to ask your hand. But there is no possibility of this. One little year has taught me more of what are existence, and man, and society, than I could have learned by a life's study of the philosophers and divines.

“I see, I know, that there is absolutely not one single human chance of my being able to obtain, at least for many years, more than the bare pittance which will support my own life. And you, so fair, so young, so tremulous to the lightest breeze of hardship, I should commit the immeasurable villany of subjecting you to such a lot as mine! Often when I have sat toiling at night in some dreary haunt, where alone I had been able to hide my head, I have

compared the squalid penury around me—a penury which was not merely a physical or a conventional evil, but which, by its degrading necessities and sordid expedients, seemed actually to soil and impoverish the soul—I have compared this with the quiet and secure comfort of your home, and I have started and shuddered in horror to think of the agony of shame and guilt that would crush me to the earth if I were to bring into so miserable a position your delicate loveliness and refinement. I could not do it, my Katherine. I would pray for strength to resist even your supplication. It is my business to be wise for you; and though my fate is tied to yours by my inmost heart-strings, I *will* have strength to break the bond. For your sake I must throw from me your love, as a mother, smitten by the plague, would thrust her infant from her bosom to save it from the contagion. You will have labour, and pain, and contention, my beloved! in making yourself as a stranger to him whom your young heart has loved so faithfully; but to do so is the only prudent, the only right resolution you can come to.

“To you, to almost every woman, the main prospect of happiness for the whole of life is involved in the question of marriage, and into whatever hum-

ble and dreary solitude I may be thrown, I shall there give thanks to heaven when I am told of your becoming a wedded wife. In the meantime, I, without danger or sin, may cherish all those fondest recollections which are filled with you. I shall have no thought of Katherine less pure and sacred than herself; and the love which I have so often clung to with delight and exultation, though now hopeless and aimless, will, through life, be the one consolation of a lonely, melancholy man. My once happy and triumphal affections will, indeed, only revisit me as pale spectres; but then will they be dearer and more appropriate to me than all that the world can afford of most living, blooming, and substantial.

“I still rely, with a strange and fond affection, on your old knowledge of me, when I entreat you to believe, that what I have written proceeds neither from levity of purpose, nor regards of personal convenience, nor hopes of profit or advantage, nor diminution of reverence for my vow, or failing of love for her to whom that vow was made. And now, Katherine, the only being I love on earth, farewell. Farewell for ever! We cannot meet again without feelings which will assuredly be miserable, and perhaps sinful. May God bless you. Think of me no

more—or only in the most hallowed moments of your prayers, when no earthly emotion can be connected with the remembrance of

“EVERARD MARLOW.”

When Katherine received this letter, Sir Ferdinand Fortescue was sitting near her. He recognised the hand-writing of the address, even with the passing glance which alone he threw upon it. The lady had heard nothing, for a considerable time, from her lover, and her agitation was now evident. The young man went away, and she was alone. With hasty fingers she tore open the paper. She read through the half of what he had written with wonderful steadiness and rapidity; but, when she came to his renunciation of her vowed affection, a person of firmer nature than hers appeared to be might not have mastered, as she did, the paroxysm that shook her. When she had come to the end of Everard's communication, she long remained silent and motionless; and then, with an inward sigh, so mournful that it seemed laden with her very life, muttered, “It shall lie on the heart it has broken,” and hid it in her bosom.

It was fortunate for her, if life be any blessing to the miserable, that, within a very few weeks after

this memorable morning—weeks of silent and consuming desolation—her mother received the information of almost all her slender property being lost in the failure of a commercial house. The necessity of their situation roused Katherine, and compelled her to think. It was determined, that Mrs. Wycliffe should address herself, in this her destitution, to some distant relations of her husband, and that, in the meantime, the expenses of her humble establishment should be as much as possible reduced. But the shock of this reverse, which excited a kind of convulsive activity in Katherine, completely crushed her mother. One day seemed to have loaded her with ten years of additional infirmity; and she was almost immediately seized with a severe illness. It was from the sick-bed of her mother that Katherine went to receive Sir Ferdinand Fortescue, who, by an accident, had been admitted into the house; and it was at this moment—an evil augury of evil events which were to follow—that the young lover, with impassioned reverence, explained his feelings, and hinted his pretensions. In the face of the lady, an attentive observer might have perceived a slight expression of disgust; but she said not a syllable, until Sir Ferdinand had completed what he wished to say. She then raised her eyes, and spoke

to him, slowly, at first, but afterwards hurriedly, and her words were to this effect: She was sorry to say, that the dangerous illness of her mother would prevent her, whatever might be her inclination, from entertaining such proposals as those with which she was then honoured by Sir Ferdinand Fortescue. But, as she wished to save him from any further disappointment, and, for her own sake, also, to deal with him simply and openly, she informed him that she did not love, and, therefore, could not wed him; and added, that she thought it extremely improbable her feelings with regard to him would ever be such as to render her a suitable object for his attachment. She repeated, that her mother's illness must now withdraw her from his company. "But this," she added, "will, I trust, not give you any needless pain, as you may be assured that your wish, for which I am sincerely grateful to you, must necessarily remain ungratified." And so Katherine gravely bowed her head, and retired.

Her mother's illness continued long, and almost all their small remains of property had gradually been dissipated. No answer came from the persons to whom Mrs. Wycliffe had applied. Want—starvation pressed upon them. Katherine administered the last draught of medicine which she had the

means of paying for, and with a smouldering heart, and a cold hand, she wrote, beside the bed of the dozing patient, a note to Sir Ferdinand Fortescue, who had renewed his proposal by letter.

Her doom was now fixed. But when the baronet entreated permission to see her who was to become his wife, she compelled herself to write to him a full confession of her former engagements with Everard Marlow, and added, that circumstances beyond her control, and not the state of her affections, had put an end to all intercourse between her and her lover, and absolved her from her vows. It humbled her as a woman in her own eyes to confess a baffled attachment. But she felt, as I hope you will, that she would have been criminal as a betrothed wife in concealing this the dearest and most intimate secret of her life.

But a few weeks had passed, when a carriage left the village conveying Sir Ferdinand Fortescue and his pale and trembling bride. In spite of the young bridegroom's lively talent and affectionate admiration of his wife, he could not succeed in rendering the conversation animated. Katherine replied, indeed, to all his remarks with readiness and intelligence, and even with an air of gratitude for his kindness. But he observed, almost with despair,

that she seemed perpetually falling into reveries, from which, indeed, she startled at one word of his; but in a few minutes her eye again began to wander, and she had evidently forgotten, if not the existence of her companion, at least the closeness of that relation to her in which he had that day been placed. After a journey of some thirty miles they arrived at a small inn, where an accident which had happened to their carriage compelled them, contrary to their previous intention, to remain. Early in the evening the lady retired to her chamber, and left her husband in a small sitting-room on the ground-floor, and opening off the entrance-hall. He paced the floor for some time in impatient disappointment at the melancholy and indifference of the woman he loved, and he thought, with jealous rage, of Everard Marlow. Again he sat down, and reviewed in his mind all the expedients that suggested themselves for exciting in his wife a somewhat warmer attachment, but still Everard Marlow presented himself as the one enemy of his happiness. Suddenly he heard a step in the hall, and after a few seconds a voice, repeating hurriedly and inquiringly the name of Fortescue. But little of the dialogue between the stranger and the attendant reached Sir Ferdinand's ears. It ended, however, by the traveller's uttering

loudly and passionately, some such phrase as "By heavens it cannot be. *She is not* his wife!" The baronet's wrath had previously been rising at thus hearing his affairs made the subject of unauthorized curiosity. He now could restrain himself no longer, but rang the bell, and begged that if the person without wished to ask any questions as to Sir Ferdinand Fortescue, he might be directed to inquire in that room. The stranger immediately presented himself, wrapped in a dark cloak; but his pale face and marked brow unshaded by a hat. He walked up to the bridegroom and said calmly, "I know not, Sir Ferdinand, whether you will remember me: it is not important that you should. I merely wish to ask whether it be true that you were married this morning to Katherine Wycliffe?" "Sir, I had this morning the honour (the stranger groaned) of espousing Miss Wycliffe. And may I beg to know, in my turn, what title you can possibly have to ask any questions about me or Lady Fortescue?" "I presume, if you had considered my question an improper one, you would not have offered to answer it. But, at all events, I do not see on what pretence you can object to my asking what question, of whom, and concerning whom, I please." "I do object, Sir, to your insolent inquiries and insinuations; and,

moreover, I must desire that, besides desisting from these, you will instantly leave the house." In fine, before five minutes, they had escaped together into the fields, and were about to bring their quarrel to the most perilous of terminations.

In the meantime, Katherine sat in her chamber wretched and motionless. Her heart was with those departed hours which had seen her and Everard together. A thousand words and gestures, which had rendered their interviews delicious, now occurred to her; and she mourned, till the tears rained fast upon her cheeks, over all those choicest portions of her existence, hallowed and made beautiful by the presence of him whom first and alone she loved. And then, also, she pictured to herself the want and degradation which had forced out of his inmost soul the last letter he wrote to her. She thought of him, older and haggard and care-worn, but still wearing his former look of thought and resolution. As this image occurred to her, she heard a sound as if of a distant shot; she raised her head, and thought she saw reflected, in the mirror, the very face she had conceived. She started, and almost screamed; but she gathered resolution, stood up, and looked round; and now, indeed, she needed all her courage, for there, between her and the bed, was fixed the very

form of Everard Marlow—the Everard of her happiness, the Everard of her love, but elder, and paler, and more sorrowful. His eyes were immovably bent upon her face, with a dead stare; his right-hand was raised and stretched forward with the palm turned towards her, signing reproach; his left was pressed upon his heart, and from beneath it was oozing blood.

At this horrible vision, her senses for a moment failed her. But she recovered; and still the dead, though seemingly most real, being was before her, and those withering eyeballs were turned upon her. She lifted a candle from the table, and began to move towards this creature of the grave, but every step became slower and more terrible; and feeling as if she were crushed into some loathsome mass of mortality, she crawled rather than walked to the vision. But when she had come almost within an arm's reach of the spot on which it stood, and shuddering, raised her eyes, expecting to encounter the annihilating glance of that horrid thing, the glare of the candle only shone on a depth of dusky air, backed by the large folds of the gloomy curtains. The light fell from her hand; she rushed to the door of the chamber; and with a yell, rather than a shriek, reached in a second the hall. Several per-

sons were grouped in the centre; and, starting aside at her cry, enabled her to see, placed in a chair, and under the examination of a surgeon, the corpse of Everard Marlow!

There were many days before she regained her senses, and weeks before she was permitted to speak, or to make the slightest exertion. The first employment of her feeble fingers was to trace, in irregular characters, the following words, which she sent to her husband:

"We must never meet again. I should die of recollection in your presence, or destroy myself to avoid you. I would that, without committing self-murder, I could release you from the restraint which my existence imposes upon you. But without this, I trust—I am sure—that I shall soon cease to live.

KATHERINE."

In fact, she only lingered for a few months, and happily died, without knowing that when Everard Marlow met her husband, he was on his way to inform her that he had obtained the promise of a valuable living as soon as he could be ordained, and to entreat that she would attempt to revive her attachment for him. Alas! that attachment never failed for a moment, till it accompanied her to the grave.

THE COUSINS.

BY MRS. C. H. W. ESLING.

COME forth into the woods, Cousin,
I've found a shady seat,
Where the branches wave above our heads,
And the stream plays at our feet.

For the birds are singing blithe, Cousin,
The sun looks bright and fair,
And it seems so lovingly to call
Our wandering footsteps there.

And you'll take your favourite book, Cousin,
Beneath the spreading tree,
And together in the Summer noon,
We will sit right joyously.

And we'll read some fairy tale, Cousin,
Of goblin—or of knight,
Or a proud and shining tournament,
Of lords and ladies bright.



Edw. Young.

And we'll fancy we can see, Cousin,
Our chosen lovers near,
On their snow-white prancing chargers, Coz,
In the warlike lists appear.

And we'll smile upon their deeds, Cousin,
As they kneel to us there,
To receive the guerdon valour won,
A meed, they shall proudly wear.

Then come forth into the woods, Cousin,
Where sparkling waters flow,
Where the birds sing in the arching tree,
And the summer blossoms blow.

THE EARL AND HIS LADY.

THE sad but stately procession had passed into the church, and even the aisles of the venerable building were thronged with persons. One might have thought, who looked upon the coronet, glittering on the cushion of crimson velvet, and all the other insignia of high rank, that curiosity alone had drawn thither such a crowd; but a deeper interest was marked on every countenance; and the firm voice of the minister had faltered more than once, as he read the solemn service. Yet the coffin was that of a child, a little tender infant, who had died in its first unconscious helplessness. Every one thought of the father, standing up among them, and looking so desolate in his grief. More than one fond mother wept, and drew her red cloak closely round the infant on her bosom, as she gazed round upon the mournful pomp, and the little coffin, and the young nobleman—childless, and worse than widowed—O yes! worse than widowed! as he stood there, and followed with his eyes the movement of

the men then placing the coffin of his child in the shadowy darkness of the open vault below him. That church was a place of agonizing recollection to the young Earl of Derby. Often had he entered it a happy husband; and, as he walked slowly down the aisle to his carriage, he could not help recalling the day when his beautiful and modest bride had clung, in trembling bashfulness, to his arm, when he had there, for the first time, called her his wife. "I am sick of all this idle pomp!" he said to himself, as he entered the wide hall of his own magnificent residence, attended by his train of servants, and met by the obsequious bows of the men who had conducted the funeral; "I am sick of all this mockery! I will bear it no longer. Would that I were a poor, hard-working peasant, with some honest hearts to care for me, and love me. I am heartily tired of your great people!"

Not many weeks after the funeral of the heir of the noble house of Derby, a solitary wayfaring man stopped at the turning of a little footpath, which led down the sloping side of the hill overlooking the village of H——. He had been leisurely wandering on since the early hours of the morning, and had not yet found the place where he would rest for

the night. "Here, at least, is a happy scene," he said, as he looked down upon the little village at the foot of the hill. About fifty or sixty persons were scattered, in careless groups, about the pleasant green. Some of them were dancing beneath a venerable grove of elms, others were crowding round the only booth which had been raised in the rustic fair. "At least, I may witness their enjoyment, though I cannot share it," he said; and, in a few moments he was standing beneath the old trees on the green.

But, although he was not recognised as the Earl of Derby, and disgusted by the attentions paid to his rank and station, he found the familiarity of vulgar minds, and low manners, not quite so agreeable as he had perhaps expected. Quietly he turned away from the noisy scene. He passed over the old bridge, which crosses the clear and shallow stream, and turned down a lane, the banks of which were overgrown with wild flowers, and straggling bushes of birch, sufficiently high and thick to meet overhead, and form a perfect bower of grateful shade. A poor woman was returning home through the lane with her children, her infant sleeping soundly on her bosom, and a curly-headed urchin distending his cheeks with puffing at a little painted trumpet,

the horrid grating of which had all the charm of novelty and noise to him. The young mother looked so hot and tired, and withal so good-humoured, that the earl could not resist asking her if she could direct him to a lodging. "Not in that merry village we have just left," he said, "for I am unwell and tired."

The woman pointed to a little path, not very far from the spot where they stood, which turned suddenly out of the lane into a wood, overhanging the river; and directed him to follow it through a large corn-field, and up a very steep, sandy lane; and then, for about half a mile over—but such directions are tiresome enough when one is obliged to listen to them to learn one's own way; here, they would be even more so. Besides, I am not sure the earl attended to the poor woman, for he lost his way. He walked on, wrapped in his own melancholy thoughts, but soothed, in every sense, by the cool fresh air, the gurgling flow of the river, and all those distant sounds, which, in the quiet fields, on a fair calm evening, fall so sweetly indistinct upon the ear. But the sun had set before the wanderer awoke to the recollection of the purpose before him. He looked around him; he saw green and sloping hills, many stately trees, and the same calm river

flowing gently below, but no house. At last, where the leafy shade was deepest, he discovered a pile of old, quaintly-shaped chimneys, opposed against the glowing sky. He had not proceeded far in the direction of the farm-house, which now plainly appeared among the trees, when a light step seemed to approach him, and then stopped suddenly; and he heard the sound of unrestrained weeping. A hazel copse separated him from the meadow whence the sound proceeded; but, on peeping through a little opening, he saw that a young girl was sitting on the bank of the meadow on the other side. For a little while she continued weeping—only for a little while—then clasping her hands together, she raised her head, and her whole heart seemed to look up to heaven in her meek and steadfast gaze.

Still she sat there, almost without stirring, except that, once or twice, she looked down upon the green grass, and her hand dropped, half forgetfully, half playfully, among the flowers that grew in wild luxuriance beside her, as if she was pleased with, but scarcely knew she noticed them. Just then the rich song of the nightingale burst upon the stillness of the evening, and stole away her ear; and though her thoughts seemed yet to linger on, about the subject which had made her weep, she listened till at

last she smiled; and so, minute after minute passed away, and gradually she forgot all her trouble; and the only expression on her fair face was innocent gladness.

Let no one suppose, that in this fair country girl, we have met with any maiden of gentle birth, brought down to a low estate by the hard uses of adversity; nor any wonder of her native village, gifted with talents of the highest order. Oh, no! Lucy was none of these. What was she? a fair and happy maiden of low birth; if to be born of poor and honest parents be low birth; of no accomplishments or education, beyond reading and—let me remember—yes, she could write. She read well, for her voice was full of natural melody; and practice, and genuine feeling, and above all, piety, had made her very perfect.

Lucy's features were not beautiful; but their modest, innocent expression, was better than mere beauty. Her hands were not the whitest in the world, though they were delicately, nay, exquisitely shaped: their little palms might have been softer; but, if it might have been said of her, as of the fair and happy milk-maid, "she makes her hand hard with labour," it might have been well added, "and

her heart soft with pity;" for they who knew her, say she was the kindest creature that ever lived, and speak of a gentle and winning courteousness of manner, that gave a charm to every look and every word she uttered. But although she was one of nature's own sweet gentlewomen, and unaffectedly modest and pious, she was only a poor, uneducated country girl. There was one, however, who soon began to find new hope—new life, I might almost say—in the society of Lucy; one who, in spite of all the pride or aristocracy of his habits, and his prejudices, began to feel it a privilege to be addressed as a familiar friend by the pure-minded maiden; who felt, in his inmost heart, the influence of her modest, cheerful piety; and paid her, from his heart, the homage of respect and love, that was the sweeter from being half made up of gratitude.

He could not help smiling, when he made his proposals in due form to the relations of his sweet Lucy; for they did not choose to have their child thrown away upon one who, for what they knew to the contrary, might be little better than a beggar, or a sort of (they did not quite say the word) "vaga-bond." They doubted, and questioned, and wavered, and questioned him again, till the earl began to feel uncomfortable, and to stammer and blush; and thus,

in fact, to make them really suspicious: for he had quite forgotten to provide against this most probable issue of his suit to them.

"You see," said an old uncle, at last, who was the head of the family, and the best spokesman, "you may be a very good sort of a young man, and I have nothing to say against you; but you are, or rather have been, till now, when you're plucking up a bit, a poor, sickly, idle body; and, suppose you fall ill, or take to no kind of employ, and have nothing coming in of your own—why Lucy's fifty pounds, and the hundred that I shall leave her, when, please Heaven, I die, will go but a very little way. I tell you what," he said, "brother and sister" (turning to Lucy's parents and looking very wise), "don't be in a hurry to give your consent: Lucy, though I say it, is as good a girl as any in the land, and fit for a lord—yes! I say it again (though you seem to smile), young man—fit for any lord in the land."

Lucy had been very busily plucking the withered leaves from a geranium, which her lover had given her; but now she turned round, pale and trembling, for she feared the effect of her uncle's harangue upon her father, who was apt to be as positive as his brother. She trembled, and her heart throbbed with

agitation, for she cared not if he whom she loved were penniless; but she felt, that without the consent of her parents (servants of God, and kind parents, as they both were), she could not marry him. She turned, as gentle loving daughters will, on all such occasions, to her own tender mother, and she had not to speak; her mother could read her looks, and she could not resist the tears which rose so suddenly into the soft eyes of her duteous child. Mothers, or wives, I meant to say, have a winning way of their own—particularly mild, submissive wives, such as Lucy's mother; and what with her own influence as a wife, and her own woman's wit, or (in truer words) calm good sense, it was soon agreed that Lucy should marry her love on this condition—that the answer to a certain letter, to be written by him, for a character, &c., proved satisfactory.

In due time, to the very day, a letter arrived, directed to Lucy's father. With this letter the father and the uncle were quite satisfied; and now Lucy, who had been, at times, unusually silent, recovered all her cheerfulness, and went about the house singing (so her mother thought) like a nightingale. Thomas Clifford, for so he called himself, was married to his Lucy, and all the fair and modest girls of

the neighbourhood were waiting round the church door, to fling basketfuls of flowers in the little path, as Clifford led his bride to their own cottage.

He heard the blessings of many poor, aged creatures, who lingered about in the sunshine of the churchyard, upon his humble, yet lovely bride. Every one who met them on that happy morning, smiled upon them, and blessed them.

"High rank, heaps of gold, could not buy such blessings as these!" he said to himself; "but my sweet and pious Lucy has won the love of every heart. These people, too, have known her from her childhood!"

"That is a grand place, indeed!" said Lucy, as, toward the close of their second day's journey, they approached an ancient and almost princely edifice; "but does our road lie through the park?"

"Not exactly through the park," he replied; "but I thought my Lucy might like to see these fine grounds, and the house and gardens. I have known the gardener and the housekeeper for years, and I am sure we shall find them very civil, and willing to show us any little attention in their power; and we have time enough, though the sun is getting low, for we are just at home."

Lucy was delighted. She had never seen a nobleman's house before, she said.

"Well! all those large rooms, and the pictures, and all the fine furniture, are very grand," said Lucy, "but my eyes ache with looking at them; I like this garden a great deal better. What a beautiful one it is! But may we sit down in this arbour of honeysuckle so near the house?"

Lucy sat in silence for some little time, gazing round her at the venerable house, and the trees and gardens; at length, she said, "I wonder if the lord of this grand place is happy? Is the Earl of Derby a good man, dear husband? Is he kind and free-spoken to the poor? Is he a married man?" she added, looking with a smile of peculiar sweetness in her husband's face.

"How many questions have you given me to answer, Lucy? Let me consider! Yes, he is a married man: he married, not many months ago, a young country girl, such another as yourself, dear Lucy."

"Poor thing!" said Lucy, and she sighed from her very heart.

"Why do you sigh, my own wife?" he demanded.

"Do you envy that poor country maiden?"

"Do I envy her?" she replied, in a voice of tender

rèproach; "what a strange question! Do I envy any one?" and as she said this, she drew more closely around her the arm which encircled her slender waist; "would I exchange my husband with any one!" she added, looking up tenderly and lovingly into his face; "I sighed in pity for the poor young lady (for a lady she is now): such a change is enough to turn her head!"

"Would it turn yours, Lucy?" he said.

"Perhaps it might," she replied, in the simplest and most natural manner. "But is she really happy? Does she love him for himself alone?"

"My sweet Lucy," he began, and as he spoke, his wife thought he had never before seemed so tenderly respectful towards her; "my sweet Lucy, you alone can answer these last questions: you smile! I see you look amazed upon me; but I repeat it, you alone!"

"But first," said Lucy, very artlessly, "I must be lady here; you must make me Countess of Derby!"

She had scarcely said this, when, from one of the castle turrets, a bell began to toll: Clifford rose up instantly, and, without saying a word, led his wife to the castle. They entered the chapel there, in which the servants and the tenants had all assembled, and the chaplain was preparing to commence

the evening service: then, leading the wondering Lucy into the midst of them, he presented her to them as their future mistress, the Countess of Derby, his wife!

Lucy did not speak; she could scarcely stand; the colour forsook her face, and she looked as one about to faint. She stared first at her husband, and then at the domestics around her, and at last she began to comprehend everything. Eagerly she seized her husband's hand, which she had dropped in her surprise, now affectionately extended to her; then, with an effort that was very visible, but which gave new interest to her in the eyes of all present, she regained somewhat of her natural and modest self-possession; and, raising her innocent face, she courtesied to the ground, and met the respectful greeting of those around her with smiles, which, perhaps, spoke more at once to the heart than the best wisdom of words. The Earl of Derby led his wife to his own seat, and placed her beside him.

Lucy knelt down upon a cushion of embroidered velvet, with the sculptured escutcheons and stately banners of the house of Derby above her: but, perhaps, of all the high-born dames of that ancient family, none ever knelt there with a purer heart, or with a humbler spirit, than that LOWLY LADY.

ODE TO THE SPIRIT OF MUSIC.

BY AGNES STRICKLAND.

MUSIC'S Spirit! tell me why
Thou dost sleep so silently,
Caged within a darksome cell,
Organ, viol, flute, or shell,
Till sweet breath or skilful fingers
Rouse the melody that lingers,
Slumbering in thy prison bound;
And thou dost in tuneful sound,
To a touch thou lovest well,
All thy hidden magic tell,
And the eloquence that lies
In thy wakening ecstasies.

Spirit! who in every part
Of earth, and air, and waters art,
To my wandering soul declare
How thou dost so deeply share

In each sense of pure delight,
Heard and felt, but hid from sight.
Thou in bush and brake art dwelling,
In the moonlight billow swelling,
With the gay lark sun-ward soaring,
With the nightingale deploring.
Thou o'er summer streams art dying,
And in morning zephyrs sighing;
Or, in notes of awe and wonder,
Bursting from the clouds in thunder.
I have heard thee in the grove;
Blest thy voice in words of love;
Caught thee, when all else was still,
In the mingling sounds that fill,
With soft murmuring notes, the plain,
From the busy insect train.
Felt thee, when the evening breeze
Waved the grass and stirred the trees.
Met thee oft in cloistered piles,
Pealing through cathedral aisles.
Marked thy hoarser accents gush
In the cataract's wild rush.
Hailed thee, when the distant bells,
Blithely through my native dells,
Rang at eve, and Echo lone
Answered back their last sweet tone.

And thou didst, Enchantress, bring
Long past rapture on thy wing:
But to know thee, I must be,
Spirit! borne to Heaven with thee,
Where thou dwell'st eternally.

TO A CHILD.

Yes, I do love thee well, my child!
Albeit, mine's a wandering mind,
But never, darling, hast thou smil'd,
Or spake a word that did not find
A ready echo in my heart:
What hours I've held thee on my knee,
Thy little rosy lips apart,
And when asleep, I've gazed on thee,
Or humm'd old tunes, that oft bring rest,
And hugg'd thee closely to my bosom,
And bless'd thee—from my heart I've bless'd,
My hope, my care, my blue-eyed blossom!

THE TUTOR.

"Sweet, tender sex! with snares encompass'd round,
On others hang thy comforts and thy rest."

Hogg.

NATURE has made woman weak, that she might receive with gratitude the protection of man. Yet, how often is the appointment perverted! How often does her protector become her oppressor! Even custom seems leagued against her. Born with the tenderest feelings, her whole life is commonly a struggle to suppress them. Placed in the most favourable circumstances, her choice is confined to a few objects; and, unless where singularly fortunate, her fondest partialities are only a modification of gratitude. She may reject, but cannot invite; may tell what would make her wretched, but dare not even whisper what would make her happy; and, in a word, she exercises merely a negative upon the most important event of her life. Man has leisure to look around him, and may marry at any age with almost equal advantage; but woman must improve

the fleeting moment, and determine quickly, at the hazard of determining rashly. The spring-time of her beauty will not last; its wane will be the signal for the flight of her lovers; and if the present opportunity is neglected, she may be left to experience the only species of misfortune for which the world evinces no sympathy. How cruel, then, to increase the misery of her natural dependence! How ungenerous to add treachery to strength, and deceive or disappoint those whose highest ambition is our favour, and whose only safety is our honesty!

William Arbuthnot was born in a remote county of Scotland, where his father rented a few acres of land, which his own industry had reclaimed from the greatest wildness to a state of considerable fertility. Having given, even in his first attempts at learning, those indications of a retentive memory, which the partiality of a parent easily construes into a proof of genius, he was early destined for the Scottish Church, and regarded as a philosopher before he had emerged from the nursery. While his father pleased himself with the prospect of seeing his name associated with the future greatness of his son, his mother, whose ambition took a narrower range, thought she could die contented if she should see him seated in the pulpit of his native church;

and, perhaps from a pardonable piece of vanity, speculated as frequently upon the effect his appearance would have upon the hearts of the neighbouring daughters, as his discourses upon the minds of their mothers. This practice, so common among the poorer classes in Scotland, of making one of their children a scholar, to the prejudice, as is alleged, of the rest, has often been remarked, and sometimes severely censured. But probably the objections that have been urged against it, derive their chief force from the exaggerations upon which they are commonly founded. It is not generally true that parents, by bestowing the rudiments of a liberal education upon one of the family, materially injure the condition or prospects of the rest. For it must be remembered, that the plebeian student is soon left to trust to his own exertions for support, and, like the monitor of a Lancastrian seminary, unites the characters of pupil and master, and teaches and is taught by turns.

But to proceed with our little narrative.—The parish schoolmaster having intimated to the parents of his pupil, that the period was at hand when he should be sent to prosecute his studies at the university, the usual preparations were made for his journey, and his departure was fixed for the follow-

ing day, when he was to proceed to Edinburgh under escort of the village carrier and his black dog Cesar, two of the oldest and most intimate of his acquaintance. Goldsmith's poetical maxim, that "little things are great to little men," is universally true; and this was an eventful day for the family of Belhervie, for that was the name of the residence of Mr. Arbuthnot. The father was as profuse of his admonitions as the mother was of her tears; and had a stranger beheld the afflicted group, he would have naturally imagined that they were bewailing some signal calamity, in place of welcoming an event to which they had long looked forward with pleasure. But the feelings of affectionate regret occasioned by this separation, were most seasonably suspended by the receipt of a letter from Mr. Coventry, a respectable farmer in the neighbourhood, in which that gentleman offered to engage their son for a few years, as a companion and tutor to his children. This was an offer which his parents were too prudent to reject, particularly as it might prove the means of future patronage as well as of present emolument. It was therefore agreed upon that William should himself be the bearer of their letter of acceptance, and proceed forthwith to his new residence. On this occasion he was admonished anew;

the advices were different from those formerly given, and were delivered by a different person. His mother was now the principal speaker; and instead of warning him against the snares that are laid for youth in a gross city, she furnished him with some rude lessons on the principles of good breeding, descending to a number of particulars too minute to be enumerated here. William listened to the harangue with becoming reverence and attention, and on the following morning, for the first time, bade farewell to his affectionate parents.

On the afternoon of the same day he arrived at Drisybank, where he was welcomed with the greatest cordiality. His appearance was genteel and prepossessing; and it was not long before his new friends discovered, that the slight degree of awkwardness which at first clung to his manners, proceeded more from bashfulness and embarrassment than natural rusticity. But as he began to feel himself at home, this embarrassment of manners gradually gave place to an easy but unobtrusive politeness. Indeed, it would not have been easy for a youth of similar views, at his first outset in life, to have fallen into more desirable company. Mr. and Mrs. Coventry were proverbial among their neighbours for the simplicity and purity of their manners; and they

had laboured, not unsuccessfully, to stamp a similar character upon the minds of their children. Their family consisted of two sons and two daughters, the former of whom were confided to the care of William.

Mary, the eldest of the four, now in her sixteenth or seventeenth year, was in every respect the most interesting object at Daisybank. To a mind highly cultivated for her years, she united many of those personal graces and attractions which command little homage in the crowd, but open upon us in the shade of retirement, and lend to the domestic circle its most irresistible charms. In stature she scarcely reached the middle size. To the beauty derived from form and colour she had few pretensions; yet when her fine blue eyes moistened with a tear at a tale of distress, or beamed an unaffected welcome to the stranger or the friend, he must have been more or less than man who felt not for her a sentiment superior to admiration. Hers, in a word, was the beauty of expression; the beauty of a mind reflected, in which the dullest disciple of Lavater could not for a moment have mistaken her real character. Her education had been principally conducted under the eye of her parents, and might be termed domestic rather than fashionable. Not that she was entirely

a stranger to those acquirements which are deemed indispensable in modern education. She had visited occasionally a great metropolis, though, owing to the prudent solicitude of her parents, her residence there had been comparatively short, yet probably long enough to acquire all its useful or elegant accomplishments, without any admixture of its fashionable frivolities.

From this hasty portraiture of Miss Coventry, it will easily be believed that it was next to impossible for a youth nearly of the same age, and not dissimilar in his dispositions, to remain long insensible to charms that were gradually maturing before his eyes, and becoming every day more remarkable. Fortunately, however, the idea of dependence attached to his situation, and a temper naturally diffident, determined him to renounce for ever a hope which he feared in his present circumstances would be deemed ungrateful and even presumptuous. But this was waging war with nature—a task which he soon found to be above his strength. He had now, therefore, to abandon the hope of victory for the safety of retreat, and content himself with concealing those sentiments he found it impossible to subdue. Yet so deceitful is love, that even this modest hope was followed with disappointment. One fine

evening in June, when he was about to unbend from the duties of the day, and retire to muse on the amiable Mary, he encountered the fair wanderer herself, who was probably returning from a similar errand. He accosted her in evident confusion, and without being conscious of what he said, invited her to join him in a walk to a neighbouring height. His request was complied with in the same spirit it had been made; for embarrassment is often contagious, particularly the embarrassment arising from love. On this occasion he intended to summon up all his powers of conversation, and yet his companion had never found him so silent. Some common-place compliments to the beauty of the evening were almost the only observations which escaped his lips, and these he uttered more in the manner of a sleep-walker than a lover. They soon reached the limit of their walk, and rested upon an eminence that commanded the prospect of an extensive valley below. Day was fast declining to that point which is termed twilight, when the whole irrational creation seem preparing for rest, and only man dares intrude upon the silence of nature. Miss Coventry beheld the approach of night with some uneasiness, and dreading to be seen with William alone, she began to rally him upon his apparent absence and confu-

sion, and proposed that they should immediately return to the house. At mention of this William started as from a dream, and being unable longer to command his feelings, he candidly confessed to her the cause of his absence and dejection. He dwelt with much emotion on his own demerit, and voluntarily accused himself for the presumption of a hope which he never meant to have revealed until the nearer accomplishment of his views had rendered it less imprudent and romantic. He declared that he would sooner submit to any hardship than incur the displeasure of her excellent parents, and entreated, that whatever were her sentiments with regard to the suit he was so presumptuous as to prefer, that she might assist him in concealing from them a circumstance which he feared would be attended with that consequence. To this tender and affectionate appeal, the gentle Mary could only answer with her sighs and blushes. She often indeed attempted to speak, but the words as often died upon her lips; and they had nearly reached home before she could even whisper an answer to the reiterated question of her lover. But she did answer at last; and never was a monarch more proud of his conquest, or the homage of his tributary princes, than William was of the simple fealty of the heart of Mary.

In the bosom of this happy family William now found his hours glide away so agreeably, that he looked forward with real regret to the termination of his engagement. His condition was perhaps one of those in which the nearest approach is made to perfect happiness—when the youthful mind, unse-duced by the blandishments of ambition, confines its regards to a few favourite objects, and dreads a separation from them as the greatest of evils. The contrast between the patriarchal simplicity of his father's fireside, and the comparative elegance of Mr. Coventry's parlour, for a season dazzled him with its novelty; while the ripening graces of Mary threw around him a fascination which older and more unsusceptible minds than his might have found it difficult to resist. In his domestic establishment, Mr. Coventry aimed at nothing beyond comfort and gentility. William was therefore treated in every respect as an equal, and was never banished from his patron's table to make room for a more important guest, or condemned to hold lent over his solitary meal, while the family were celebrating a holiday.

All our ideas are relative, and we estimate every thing by comparison. Upon this principle, William thought no female so lovely or amiable as Miss Coventry, and no residence so delightful as Daisybank.

And he would not have exchanged his feelings, while seated on a winter evening amidst his favourite circle, scanning, for their amusement, a page of history, or the columns of a newspaper, while the snugness and comfort that reigned within, made him forget the storm that pelted without, for the most delicious paradise an eastern imagination ever painted.

It will thus readily be imagined that the saddest day of our tutor's life was that on which he parted from this amiable family. He had here, he believed, spent the happiest moments of his existence; and instead of rejoicing that he had passed through one stage of his apprenticeship, he dwelt upon the past with pleasure, and looked forward to the future with pain.

Fortune, however, presented an insuperable obstacle to his spending his days in the inaction of private study; and he knew that he could neither gain, nor deserved to gain, the object of his affection, without establishing himself in life, by pursuing the course which had been originally chalked out to him. After, therefore, "pledging oft to meet again," he bade adieu to Daisybank, loaded with the blessings of the best of parents, and followed by the prayers of the best of daughters. He now paid a farewell visit to his parents, and after remaining with them a few

days, he proceeded to Edinburgh, and for a short period felt his melancholy relieved by the thousand novelties that attract the notice of a stranger in a great city. But this was only a temporary relief; and as he had no friend in whom he could confide, he soon felt himself solitary in the midst of thousands. Often, when the professor was expatiating upon the force of the Greek particles, his imagination was hovering over the abodes he had forsaken; and frequently it would have been more difficult for him to have given an account of the lectures he had been attending, than to have calculated the probability of what was passing at a hundred miles distance. But this absence and dejection at last wore off, and as he possessed good natural talents, and had been an industrious student formerly, he soon distinguished himself in his classes, and before the usual period, was engaged as a tutor in one of the best families in Scotland.

This event formed another important era in his life. His prospects were now flattering, and as vanity did not fail to exaggerate them, he soon dropped a considerable portion of his humility, and began to regard himself as a young man of merit, to whom fortune was lavish of her favours. In his leisure hours he was exposed to mingle much in

society; and as his manners and address were easy and engaging, scarcely a week elapsed that did not add to the number of his friends. The affections, when divided into many channels, cannot run deep in any; and probably, for every new acquaintance whom William honoured with his esteem, it required a sacrifice of friendship at the expense of love, and produced some abatement of that devotion of soul which accompanies every true and permanent attachment. At Daisybank he had seen a favourite of the graces, but here he beheld the daughters of wealth and of fashion, surrounded with all the gloss of art, and soon began to waver in his attachment, and even to regard his engagement as little more than a youthful frolic. Still this temper of mind was not attained without many struggles between love and ambition, honour and interest; nor could he ever for a moment commune with himself, without feeling remorse for his inconstancy and ingratitude. He could not annihilate the conviction, that Miss Coventry was as faithful and worthy as ever; and had she been present to appeal to his senses, it is probable he might have been preserved from the crime of apostasy. But these were fits of reflection and repentance which repetition soon deprived of their poignancy. The world returned with all its opiates and charms

to stifle in his bosom the feelings of honour, and obliterate every trace of returning tenderness. After this he became less punctual in his correspondence with Miss Coventry, and in place of anticipating the arrival of her letters as he was wont to do, he allowed them to be sent slowly to his lodgings, opened them without anxiety, and read them without interest. Of all this inconstancy, ingratitude, and neglect, the simple Mary remained a silent though not unconcerned spectator. Kind and generous by nature, and judging of others by herself, she framed a thousand excuses for his negligence; and when he did condescend to write to her, answered him as if she had been unconscious of any abatement in his attentions.

Matters remained in this uncertain state for the space of three long years, at least they seemed long to Miss Coventry, when William received his license as a preacher. He now, therefore, thought of redeeming a pledge he had given to the minister of his native parish, to make his first public appearance in his pulpit; and after giving due intimation, he departed for the parish of ———, with his best sermon in the pocket of his best coat. The account of his visit spread with telegraphic despatch, long before telegraphs were invented, and was known over

half the country many days before his arrival. This was another eventful day for his mother. She blessed Providence that she had lived to see the near fulfilment of her most anxious wish, and rising a little in her ambition, thought she could now die contented, if she should see him settled in a living of his own, and be greeted by her neighbours with the envied name of grandmother. As William was expected to dine with his parents on his way to the parsonage, or, as it is called in Scotland, the manse, of ———, great preparations were made for his reception, and for the appearance of the whole family at church on the following Sunday. Mrs. Arbuthnot drew from the family chest her wedding gown, which had only seen the sun twice during thirty summers; and her husband, for the first time, reluctantly applied a brush to his holiday suit, which appeared, from the antiquity of its fashion, to have descended, like the garments of the Swiss, through many successive generations of the Arbuthnots.

The little church of H—— was crowded to the door, perhaps for the first time, long before the bellman had given the usual signals. Mr. Coventry, though residing in a different parish, had made a journey thither, with several of his family, for the purpose of witnessing the first public appearance of

his friend. In this party was the amiable Mary, who took a greater interest in the event than any one, save the preacher, was aware of.

William on this occasion recited a well-written discourse with ease and fluency, and impressed his audience with a high opinion of his talents and piety. Some of the elder of them, indeed, objected to his gestures and pronunciation, which they thought "new-fangled" and theatrical; but they all agreed in thinking him a clever lad, and a great honour to his parents. His mother was now overwhelmed with compliments from all quarters, which she received with visible marks of pride and emotion. Mr. Coventry waited in the churchyard till the congregation had retired, to salute his friend, and invite him to spend a few days at Daisybank. Mary, who hung in her father's arm, courtesied, blushed, and looked down. She had no well-turned compliment to offer on the occasion, but her eyes expressed something at parting, which once would have been sweeter to his soul than the applause of all the world beside.

Ambition from the beginning has been the bane of love. War and peace are not more opposite in their nature and effects than those rival passions; and the bosom that is agitated with the cares of the one, has little relish for the gentle joys of the other.

William beheld in the person of Miss Coventry all he had been taught to regard as amiable or estimable in woman; but the recollection of the respect that had been shown him by females of distinction, mixed with exaggerated notions of his own merit, made him undervalue those simple unobtrusive graces he once valued so highly, and think almost any conquest easy after he had been settled in the rich living of B——, which had been promised him by his patron.

On the following day he paid a visit to Daisybank, and received the most cordial welcome from a family who sympathized almost equally with his parents in his prospects and his advancement. During his stay there, he had frequent opportunities of seeing Miss Coventry alone, but he neglected, or rather avoided them all; and when rallied on the subject of marriage, declaimed on the pleasures of celibacy, and hinted, with a good deal of insincerity, his intention of living single. Although these speeches were like daggers to the mind of her who regretted she could not rival him in inconstancy and indifference, they produced no visible alteration in her behaviour. Hers was not one of those minds in which vanity predominates over every other feeling, and where disappointment is commonly relieved by the hatred or resentment which it excites. Her soul was soft

as the passion that enslaved it, and the traces of early affection are not easily effaced from a mind into which the darker passions have never entered.

William bade adieu to Miss Coventry without dropping one word upon which she could rear the superstructure of hope, and carried with him her peace of mind, as he had formerly carried her affections. From that hour she became pensive and melancholy, in spite of all her efforts to appear cheerful and happy. She had rejected many lovers for the inconstant's sake, but that gave her no concern. Her union with him had been long the favourite object of her life; and she could have patiently resigned existence, now that its object was lost. But she shuddered at the thought of the shock it would give her affectionate parents; for the softer feelings of our nature are all of one family, and the tenderest of wives have ever been the most dutiful daughters.

It was impossible for Mary long to conceal the sorrow which consumed her. Her fading cheeks and heavy eyes gave daily indications of what her lips refused to utter. Her parents became deeply alarmed at these symptoms of indisposition, and anxiously inquired into the cause of her illness; but her only answer was, that she felt no pain. The best physicians were immediately consulted upon

her case, who recommended change of air and company; but all these remedies were without effect. The poison of disappointment had taken deep root in her heart, and defied the power of medicine.

Her attendants, when they found all their prescriptions ineffectual, began to ascribe her malady to its real cause, and hinted to her parents their apprehensions that she had been crossed in love. The good people, though greatly surprised at the suggestion, had too much prudence to treat it with indifference; and they left no means untried, consistent with a regard for the feelings of their child, to wile from her the important secret. At first, she endeavoured to evade their inquiries; but finding it impossible to allay their apprehensions without having recourse to dissimulation, she confessed to her mother her attachment to William, concealing only the promises he had made to her, and every circumstance that imputed to him the slightest degree of blame. At the same time she entreated them with the greatest earnestness, that no use might be made of a secret which she wished to have carried with her to the grave. This was a hard task imposed on her parents. They felt equally with herself the extreme delicacy of making the disclosure; but, on the other hand, they contemplated nothing but the probable

loss of their child—an event, the bare apprehension of which filled their minds with the bitterest anguish. After many anxious consultations, Mr. Coventry determined, unknown to any but his wife, to pay a visit to William, and ascertain his sentiments with regard to his daughter.

Upon his arrival at Edinburgh, he found that his friend had departed for the manse of B—, with which he had been recently presented. This event, which in other circumstances would have given him the liveliest pleasure, awakened on this occasion emotions of a contrary nature, as he feared it would make his now reverend friend more elevated in his notions, and consequently more averse to a union with his daughter. He did not, however, on that account conceal the real object of his journey, or endeavour to accomplish his purpose by stratagem or deceit. He candidly disclosed his daughter's situation and sentiments, requesting of his friend that he would open to him his mind with equal candour; and added, that although he held wealth to be an improper motive in marriage, and hoped that his daughter did not require such a recommendation, that in the event of this union, whatever he possessed would be liberally shared with him.

On hearing of the situation of Miss Coventry,

William became penetrated with the deepest remorse; and being aware that his affection for her was rather stifled than estranged, he declared his willingness to make her his wife. These words operated like a charm upon the drooping spirits of the father, who embraced his friend with ardour, and besought him immediately to accompany him home, that they might lose no time in making a communication which, he fondly hoped, would have a similar effect upon the spirits of his daughter.

They departed accordingly together, indulging in the pleasing hope that all would yet be well; but on their arrival at Daisybank, they were seriously alarmed to hear that Miss Coventry had been considerably worse since her father left home. She was now entirely confined to her chamber, and seemed to care for nothing so much as solitude, and an exemption from the trouble of talking. As soon as she was informed of the arrival of their visitor, she suspected he had been sent for, and therefore refused to see him; but upon being assured by her mother, who found deceit in this instance indispensable, that his visit was voluntary and accidental, she at last consented to give him an interview.

On entering the room, which had formerly been the family parlour, William was forcibly struck

with the contrast it exhibited. Every object seemed to swim before his sight, and it was some moments before he discovered Miss Coventry, who reclined on a sofa at the further end of the room. He advanced with a beating heart, and grasped the burning hand that was extended to meet him. He pressed it to his lips and wept, and muttered something incoherent of forgiveness and love. He looked doubtfully on Mary's face for an answer; but her eye darted no reproach, and her lips uttered no reflection. A faint blush, that at this moment overspread her cheek, seemed a token of returning strength, and inspired him with confidence and hope. It was the last effort of nature; and ere the blood could return to its fountain, that fountain had closed for ever. Death approached his victim under the disguise of sleep, and appeared divested of his usual pains and terrors.

William retired from this scene of unutterable anguish, and for a long period was overwhelmed with the deepest melancholy and remorse. But time gradually softened and subdued his sorrow, and, I trust, perfected his repentance. He is since married and wealthy, and is regarded by the world as an individual eminently happy. But, amidst all his

comforts, there are moments when he would exchange his identity with the meanest slave that breathes, and regards himself as the murderer of Mary Coventry.

S T A N Z A .

I saw a falling leaf soon strew
The soil to which it owed its birth;
I saw a bright star falling too,
But never reach the quiet earth.
Such is the lowly portion blest—
Such is ambition's foiled endeavour;
The falling *leaf* is soon at rest,
While *stars* that fall, fall on for ever.

TO AN EVENING CLOUD.

BY W. HENDERSON.

BRIGHT wanderer of the termless sky!
 With beauteous wings outstretched on high,
 And form all delicately fair,
 Reclined upon the buoyant air—
 Thy hue, like that which Iris wears,
 Of purple, gold, and blue appears.

The dazzling regent of the day
 Has dipped into the Atlantic bay:
 Thou carriest, on thy downy breast,
 His stray beams to their evening rest.

With easy pace the tuneful breeze
 Thee, barklike, wafts o'er ether's seas.
 But, whither holdest thou thy flight
 Across the deep, this summer night?
 Or, to the Indian clime, to wait
 Upon the sun's refulgent state,
 What time, on golden chariot borne,
 He wakes again the rosy morn?

Or, o'er some dry and parched land
To shed in dews thine influence bland,
Reviving all the fruits and flowers
That die forsaken of the showers?

Around thee gathers fast the night;
But still thou urgest on thy flight:
Soon shalt thou meet the solitude,
That nightly thrones on ocean's flood.
But may the stars and their chaste queen
O'erflow the sky with rays serene,
Gilding with feathery light thy breast
Whereon the soothed winds shall rest,
By the mysterious melody,
Sung by the tuneful stars on high,
Entranced: and be the western gale
Propitious to the home-bound sail,
Which spirit-like, in loneliness,
Glides over the profound abyss.

THE BROTHERS.

FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHILLER.

Two brothers, Barons of W——, were in love with a young and excellent lady, and neither was acquainted with the passion of the other. The affection of both was tender and vehement—it was their first: the maiden was beautiful, and formed of sensibility. They suffered their inclinations to increase to the utmost bounds, for the danger the most dreadful to their hearts was unknown to them, to have a brother for a rival. Each forbore an early explanation with the lady, and thus were both deceived: until an unexpected occurrence discovered the whole secret of their sentiments.

Their love had already risen to its utmost height: that most unhappy passion, which has caused almost as cruel ravages as its dreadful counterpart, had taken such complete possession of their hearts, as to render a sacrifice on either side impossible. The fair one, full of commiseration for the unhappy

situation of these two unfortunates, would not decide upon the exclusion of either, but submitted her own feelings to the decision of their brotherly love.

Conqueror in this doubtful strife, betwixt duty and sentiment, which our philosophers are always so ready to decide, but which the practical man undertakes so slowly, the elder brother said to the younger, "I know thou lovest the maiden as vehement as myself. I will not ask for which of us a priority of right should determine. Do thou remain here, whilst I seek the wide world. I am willing to die, that I may forget her. If such be my fate, brother, then is she thine, and may Heaven bless thy love! Should I not meet with death, do thou set out, and follow my example."

He left Germany, and hastened to Holland; but the form of his beloved still followed him. Far from the climate which she inhabited, banished from the spot which contained the whole felicity of his heart, in which alone he was able to exist, the unhappy youth sickened—as the plant withers which is ravished from its maternal bed in Asia by the powerful European, and forced from its more element sun into a remote and rougher soil. He reached Amsterdam in a desponding condition, where he fell ill of a violent and dangerous fever.

The form of her he loved predominated in his frantic dreams; his health depended on her possession. The physicians were in doubt of his life, and nothing but the assurance of being restored again to her, rescued him from the arms of death. He arrived in his native city changed to a skeleton, the most dreadful image of consuming grief, and with tottering steps reached the door of his beloved—of his brother.

“Brother, behold me once again. Heaven knows how I have striven to subdue the emotions of my heart. I can do no more.”

He sunk senseless into the lady’s arms.

The younger brother was no less determined. In a few weeks he was ready to set out.

“Brother, thou carriedst thy grief with thee to Holland. I will endeavour to bear mine farther. Lead not the maiden to the altar till I write to thee. Fraternal love alone permits such a stipulation. Should I be more fortunate than thou wert, in the name of God, let her be thine, and may Heaven prosper thy union. Should I not, may the Almighty in that case judge further between us! Farewell. Take this sealed packet; do not open it till I am far from hence. I am going to Batavia.”

He then sprang into the coach. The other re-

mained motionless, and absorbed in grief, for his brother had surpassed him in generosity. Love, and at the same time, the sorrow at losing such a man, rushed forcibly upon his mind. The noise of the flying vehicle pierced him to the heart—his life was feared. The lady—but no! of her I must not yet speak.

The packet was opened. It contained a complete assignment of all his German possessions to his brother, in the event of fortune being favourable to the fugitive in Batavia. The latter, subduer of himself, sailed with some Dutch merchants, and arrived safely at that place. A few weeks after, he sent his brother the following lines:

“Here, where I return thanks to the Almighty, here, in another world, do I think of thee, and of our loves, with all the joy of a martyr. New scenes and events have expanded my soul, and God has given me strength to offer the greatest sacrifice to friendship—the maiden—here a tear doth fall—the last—I have conquered—the maiden is thine. Brother, it was not ordained that I should possess her; that is, she would not have been happy with me. If the thought should ever come to her, that she would have been—Brother! brother! with difficulty do I tear her from my soul. Do not forget how hard the

attainment of her has been to thee. Treat her always as thy youthful passion at present teaches thee. Treat her always as the dear legacy of a brother, whom thy arms will never more enfold. Farewell! Do not write to me, when thou celebratest thy marriage—my wounds still bleed. Write to me, that thou art happy. My deed is a surety to me, that God will not forsake me in a foreign world.”

The nuptials were celebrated. The most felicitous of marriages lasted a year. At the end of that period the lady died. In her expiring moments, she acknowledged to her most intimate friend the unhappy secret of her bosom:—the exiled brother she had loved the strongest.

Both brothers still live. The elder upon his estates in Germany, where he has married again. The younger remains in Batavia, and has become a fortunate and shining character. He made a vow never to marry, and has kept it.

THE TOILET.

BY JAMES NACK.

AY, lady! braid thy jewelled hair
 And dight thee in thy rich array;
 Yet not for this art thou more fair,
 For beauty dwells not in display.

The village maid in simple dress,
 With cheerful face and mind serene,
 Can boast as much of loveliness
 As England's high and crowned queen.

And thou, from nature's liberal hand
 Far richer ornaments canst boast
 Than art can brighten or command—
 "When unadorned, adorned the most."

To beauty, such as nature gives,
 Can no addition come from art;





In pomp at best the magic lives
To charm the eye—but not the heart.

But she who bears a mind serene,
A heart which love and goodness share,
Oh! be she village maid or queen,
She wears the robe that angels wear.

BLISS.

Go, wing thy flight from star to star,
From world to luminous world as far
As the universe spreads its flaming wall:
Take all the pleasures of all the spheres,
And multiply each through endless years—
One minute of Heaven is worth them all.

LOVE IN THE GARDEN.

"And speak the thoughts of my heart in flowers."

A GARLAND I'll give thee,
 But 'twill not take less
 Than the wealth of a garden,
 My thoughts to express.
 The Violets around us,
 The Cedar above,
 Say—"I cannot forget thee;"
 "Thou claimest my love."

Nay, heed not the shadow
 That darkens my brow;
 Yon bright crimson Poppy
 Tells what I feel now.
 It speaks *consolation*,
 As in thy dear eyes,
 "I see o'er my sorrows
 Hope's day-dawn arise."

Before I beheld thee,
Ah! long it was mine,
The Arum and Nightshade
With Cypress to twine.
But the Wallflower informs thee—
“Misfortune grows dear,
When it proves the heart’s chosen
In sorrow sincere.”

And now, my beloved one,
The hours gaily roll;
Thy presence is Balm
To the wounds of my soul.
And when clasped to thy bosom,
This Lychnis will say,
“Thy captive would ne’er
Wish her fetters away.”

The Lilac thou pluckest
With rapture I take,
And the fair Polyanthus
My answer shall make.
I’ll crown thee with Ivy,
And, dearest, for me
This delicate Jonquil
A token shall be.

But, sweet one, though happy
 Beside thee to rest,
 See—the roses of sunset
 Are wreathing the west.
 Thou hast duties, my darling—
 My fond heart is weak,
 But this proud *Digitalis*
 My meaning shall speak.
 The Pine and the Holly I'll pluck for thee now;
 "Farewell, I must leave thee"—"remember thy
 vow."

MRS. ANNA BACHE.

Gambier, Ohio.

EXPLANATIONS.

(*Taken from Mrs. Lincoln's Botany.*)

Violet—I shall never forget. *Cedar*—Thou art entitled to my love. *Poppy*—Consolation. Let the past be forgotten in the light of hope. *Arum*—Treachery. *Nightshade*—Suspicion. *Cypress*—Despair. *Wallflower*—Misfortune is dear when it proves the truth of friendship. *Balm*—Sweets of social intercourse. *Lychnis*—I am a willing prisoner. *Lilac*—First love. *Polyanthus*—Thou knowest my confidence in thee. *Ivy*—I have found one true heart. *Jonquil*—Affection returned. *Digitalis*—I am not ambitious for myself, but for you. *Pine*—Farewell, for I must leave thee. *Holly*—Think upon thy vow.

THE BRIDE.

A TALE OF THE TIMES OF MARIA THERESA.

THE empress and her daughter stood together: alike, singularly alike, as they were, in height, in the same high, finely-cut features, the same clear blue eyes, the same fair Saxon complexion, yet the likeness, which seemed so strong at the first look, became almost a contrast as that look was prolonged into observation. It was not the difference of age, for the mother's eye was as bright, and her cheek as rich in colour, as her daughter's; but the sweetness which was in Maria Theresa's smile only, was in every line of the archduchess's face. The azure depths of the eyes, in the one, mirrored every thought and every feeling; those of the other expressed but what they chose should appear. Each had the same fair, broad forehead; but in the elder one a slight contraction of the brow had become habitual. Both stepped with the stately bearing of a noble race; but Maria Theresa moved as if over the neck of a pros-

trate world, while Josepha seemed as if she would have turned aside rather than crush the meanest worm on her path. Both were splendidly dressed—the young princess as a bride; the diamond tiara was surmounted by a chaplet of orange flowers, the white velvet train embroidered with pearls, and a veil of silver tissue fell almost to her feet. The bright and gay appearance of the youthful archduchess was little in unison with the rest of the scene. The huge and dark chamber was hung with crimson damask worked with gold; but the gold had been long tarnished, and the brilliancy had passed away from the crimson. Portraits in massive frames, the gilding as dim as the colours, covered the walls. Most of them were garbed in black velvet, according to the Spanish taste, and the heavy brow and thick lip all bespoke their Austrian descent. At the upper end of the room was a purple canopy which had been raised over a temporary altar; towards this the empress led her daughter, and the shadow of the canopy fell dark upon the young bride. A small group gathered round—staid, grave looking men—who, whatever of fierce passion might be in the heart, had long banished all betrayal of it from the face. The face of the emperor, who, till summoned to give his daughter's hand, stood in the

background, was the only one that had aught of the expression of humanity—and that expression was only of its weakness. But where was the bridegroom? Miles and miles away. The royal lover woos by an envoy and wins by a treaty. In his place, his ambassador stood forth—an aged nobleman, who, having spent a whole life in the observance of forms, held them to be the highest attributes of human nature.

The ceremony proceeded, and, at its close, the ambassador dropped on his knee and kissed the hand of the Duchess of Parma. Josepha turned, and would have knelt to her mother, but this the empress prevented, and, folding her in her arms, pressed her lips to her brow, and wished her many years of happiness. Very ungracefully, but very affectionately, the emperor pressed forward; by this time he had forgotten all the advantages of the alliance, and everything but that he was about to lose his favourite child. Maria Theresa evidently endured this display very impatiently; her husband met her eye, and—with that species of experience which must be peculiarly adapted to fools, for it is they who are said to learn by it—read its meaning, and shrunk back into silence and himself. The Marquis di Placentia now gave a signal to an attendant, and a

page stepped forward with a casket; its contents the ambassador again knelt to offer to his new sovereign. It was the portrait of the Duke of Parma, fastened to a chain of brilliants. The empress herself took the picture and placed it round her daughter's neck.

A collation was spread in the adjoining room, and thither the party adjourned. Many others of the court were now admitted to offer their congratulations, and it was late in the day before the Duchess of Parma could be permitted to retire. Weary with fatigue, and oppressed by heat, Josepha gladly withdrew to her own chamber. Summoning her attendants, she hastened to put off her cumbrous dress.

"I will put on my canonesse robe," said the duchess; a costume frequently worn both by herself and sisters.

"Nay," exclaimed Pauline, a favourite attendant, "not black upon your wedding-day, it is so very unlucky!"

The princess persisted, and, after helping her on with the loose black silk robe, at her command Pauline withdrew. Josepha seated herself by the open casement, and for the first time gazed on the miniature she wore. The duke's face was one of uncommon beauty and intelligence; the softness of the enamel and the skill of the painter might have

added something to the beauty, but you felt the expression was copied, not given. The bride felt a sense of happiness and security steal over her as she watched the open and kindly meaning of the eyes, that seemed to answer to her own. Perhaps, too, the outward influences of the lovely evening-time might give something of their own soothing sweetness. The air came through the window, with the odours of the garden below and the freshness of the dews above—for the heat was melting in a gentle rain. Suddenly a strain of music floated upon the air; it was from a band belonging to the palace, and they played a slow and beautiful Italian air. There were words belonging to the song—Josepha knew them—they spoke of passionate and happy love; she blushed as she glanced at the portrait, and then leaned back, half to listen to the distant tones, and half to dream of the future, as the young dream when hope prophesies by the imagination. She was yet lost in fantasies so vivid that truth itself seemed not so actual, when the door of her apartment slowly opened, and she started from her seat in wonder to see the empress. Maria Theresa was cold and haughty in her general manner; one too who brooked not that her will should meet with question, much less opposition: little marvel was it, therefore, that

her child rose with an attitude rather of deference than of affection. But her mother's manner was kind even to softness, and when Josepha drew forwards the large arm-chair she refused it, and, gently taking her daughter's hand, placed herself too in the window seat.

"Those books are Italian, and the music I hear in the distance is Italian. Ah, my child, even now you are striving to forget us! Alas! our station too much separates those gentler ties which, in lowlier life, bind so closely! How often must I, even to you, my own beloved girl, have seemed stern and severe; for I know a life of anxiety and struggle leaves its own harshness behind. But when, Josepha, in another country you think of your mother, remember with what difficulties that mother has had to contend."

Josepha's only answer was to catch the hand, now placed caressingly amid her beautiful hair, and to cover it with kisses, ay, and also tears.

"A parting like ours," resumed the empress, "is like one beside the grave; let it be in all love and charity. Forgive me, my child, if aught of reproach you have against your mother."

The duchess flung herself at Maria Theresa's feet. "Nay, forgive me, my beloved and reverend

parent, if ever the petulance of my age has caused me to forget the love and duty I owed! Bless me, my mother!"

"God bless you, my beloved Josepha!" said the empress tenderly and solemnly.

The pause of feeling in both was broken by Maria Theresa looking at the miniature of the Duke of Parma.

"I like the expression of this face—it agrees with what I have heard of his character; and yet, when I think of the distance which will be between, I seem to dread thus trusting your happiness beyond my control. As yet, you know so little the dangers and the difficulties of a position like yours."

"But, my mother," said the duchess, "surely I might be aided by your knowledge."

"The young submit not willingly to be guided by the old. Youth has but a half experience—it has seen but the bright side, and makes no allowance for the coming shadows. How often have I known the sage counsels which would have averted danger treated not only with indifference but even scorn!"

"But not by me," exclaimed her hearer earnestly; "your words will be treasured in my heart like gold."

"My dearest Josepha, I doubt your will to obey

as little as I do your love; but I fear the natural thoughtlessness of youth. I could almost now regret that an unwillingness to weigh down the bright brief period of your life has prevented my depressing your young spirits by ever communicating the weight on my own mind. I have been over prudent. I fear you are ill fitted to meet all the exigencies of your novel situation. Beautiful, and with a mind like yours (I have observed its powers, Josepha, more than you may deem), your influence over your husband must be—will be—absolute. Think not, dearest child, that I undervalue your desire to know and follow the right; but oh, that I could give you some of my experience!"

"Can you not, dear mother and sovereign? You know not how reverentially I should hear, and how carefully I should follow your advice!"

This was the very point to which the empress wished to bring her daughter. First kissing the beautiful face which was bent towards her in the earnestness of entreaty, she began speaking. Her natural gifts of persuasion were great; her voice mingled sweetness and firmness; and her smile—it was that for whose sake the gallant chivalry of Hungary swore to die. At first her listener seemed to yield the most earnest and confiding attention;

gradually the eloquent countenance of the duchess changed to surprise, wonder, doubt, and finally to almost indignation.

"Say no more!" exclaimed Josepha, throwing herself at the empress's feet: "register every act, penetrate into every thought, of my husband's, to give prompt intelligence of them to the court of Austria!—seek affection the better to betray it! Is this—can this—be my duty to my husband, or my love—"

"Nay," interrupted her mother, repressing the indignation already darkening in her eyes, "I was not prepared for this burst of romance."

"Madam," said the duchess, slowly rising from her knee, "the task of a spy is no task for your daughter."

Her figure was drawn to its utmost height; her brow was contracted; the likeness between herself and her mother was stronger than ever, and in that likeness Maria Theresa saw an end to her well-laid scheme of making the bride of the Duke of Parma a tool in her hands.

"Truly," said she with a scornful smile, "this ducal coronet has turned your head. Wilful and disobedient! We speak on this subject no more."

"Not in anger, my mother," exclaimed Josepha,

striving to detain her, "not in anger must you part from me."

Coldly the empress disengaged her hand: their eyes met—and the young princess staggered back, at the stern and deadly resentment in the pale face of Maria Theresa, and sunk on the window-seat.

"It is broken!" said Josepha faintly, as the chain to which hung the portrait of the Duke of Parma fell in glittering fragments at her side. It had caught to the empress's dress, and was shattered. The young duchess leaned against the casement and wept.

To the young it is a very bitter pang to know that their best feelings have been excited merely to be worked upon; but sorrow and shame were soon merged in a vague and terrible fear. The evening came on, and deepened into night. Still, amid the shadows, did Josepha fancy she could see the threatening brow of the empress, pale with anger. Solitude became insupportable, and she called her attendants. But human faces, and human voices, the cheerfulness of the lights, and even her favourite Pauline's birdlike song, were of no avail against the terror which every moment seemed to weigh more heavily on her spirits. With hurried and yet timid steps, starting, though she knew not why, at

the least noise, Josepha began to pace the room. A low rap at the door interrupted her walk, and the confessor of the empress entered the apartment. Martini's features were chiselled with the perfection of sculpture, and his high brow bore the impress of mental power and thought far beyond his years, which were yet in their summer; his step was soft and humble—his voice low and sweet; yet fear was the sensation he always inspired. No one ever met his cold and cruel eye—so calm, so colourless—without saying, "That man delights in human misery."

He approached the duchess, and said, as he looked at her black dress, "I rejoice to see, my daughter, you have not waited for me to remind you of the pious duty to-night calls upon you to fulfil."

"What do you mean, father?" said the princess faintly; "I changed my dress on account of the heat."

"I had hoped, my daughter, it was in voluntary humiliation; ill do the gay robes of the bride suit with the meek prayers to be offered in the presence of the dead."

"I pray you to speak your meaning at once!" and Josepha grew pale as marble.

"Your royal highness knows it is your turn to

watch and pray by the tomb of the Archduchess Caroline."

Josepha sank fainting against the wainscot of the room.

"The empress will never permit it," cried Pauline, as she sprang to support her mistress; "why we all know that the archduchess died of the smallpox, and not a creature will enter the chapel."

"I have her grace's commands, who wills that so pious a duty be not neglected. I am sent by her even now to conduct the Duchess of Parma to pay the last duty to her illustrious house."

"Your father—appeal to him," whispered the girl; "but I know that will be of no avail. I conjure you, see your mother yourself!"

"I have seen her," said the duchess, "we parted just now."

Pauline hid her face in her hands.

"I wait your highness's pleasure to conduct you to the chapel."

Josepha rose and prepared to follow.

"I will go with you. At night and alone—it is too terrible!" said the affectionate girl.

"Her highness's vigil must be solitary; thus it has ever been!" replied the priest.

Josepha descended to the chapel; her attendants

accompanied her to the door—as it opened it showed the thick hot atmosphere, through which the dim tapers seemed scarcely able to penetrate. The duchess turned round and embraced Pauline, and entered the chapel. They saw her kneel before the altar, and the doors were closed. Late in the night was it before the royal council broke up; then, not till then, did Pauline succeed in conveying the intelligence to the emperor that his favourite daughter had passed the night beside the infectious tomb of her cousin. He rushed himself to the chapel; and there was the duchess as they had left her—kneeling before the altar, and her face bowed in prayer. She had fallen a little forward, so that the steps supported her. They spoke—but she answered not; they raised her in their arms—but found she was dead.

[The substance of this story is true. The Archduchess Josepha died from a midnight vigil in a chapel where a relative was buried: a punishment, it was said, for some intractability she had shown towards the empress's counsels as to the management of her betrothed husband. Her next sister became Duchess of Parma.]

THE DEATH OF SUMMER.

BY A. S.

By the lengthening twilight hours,
By the chill and frequent showers,
By the flow'rets pale and faded,
By the leaves with russet shaded,
By the gray and clouded morn,
By the drooping ears of corn,
Ripened now, and earthward tending,
As man when full of years is bending
Towards his kindred dust, where he
Lowly soon shall withering be;
By the silence of each grove,
Vocal late with notes of love,
By the meadows overspread
With the spider's wavy thread,
By the soft and shadowy sky,
By the thousand tears that lie
Every weeping bough beneath,—
Summer! we perceive thy death.

Summer! all thy charms are past!
Summer! thou art waning fast!
Scarcely one of all thy roses
On thy faded brow reposes;
Day by day more feebly shining,
Sees thy glorious beams declining,
Though thy wan and sickly smile
Faintly lingers yet awhile.
Thrush and nightingale have long
Ceased to woo thee with their song;
And on every lonely height
Swallows gather for their flight.
Streams, that in their sparkling course
Rippling flowed, are dark and hoarse;
While the gale's inconstant tone,
Sweeping through the valleys lone,
Sadly sighs, with mournful breath,
Requiems for sweet Summer's death.

THE SHIPWRECK.

"Hark! peals the thunder of the signal gun."—BYRON.

THE day had been particularly fine, and I stood admiring the departure of the sun as he was rapidly retiring from the surface of the ocean, whose watery ridges were beautifully crimsoned with his parting beams, when my attention was attracted by a group of peasants, who were silently watching the appearance of something on the boundless deep, though its distance rendered it as yet scarcely discernible. I turned my eyes towards the object which had so firmly fixed their attention, and in a short time beheld a vessel sailing in gallant trim before the breeze, which filled her canvass. After observing it for a considerable time, I saw it stop suddenly in its course, and the sails, which but a minute before were swelled out by the wind, hang motionless, while the streaming pennon curled itself round the mast. From the conversation of some old men who stood by me, I found her situation was by no means

enviable. One, who by his silver hairs and hoary look seemed to be the senior of the party, was remarking to his neighbour—

“Say what you will, Davy, but I like not the look of yon sky: those little clouds bode no good to the dweller on the salt seas; and, for my part, I’d rather pass a week of nights in St. Edmund’s turret, where the ghost of Esterling is for ever crying out, ‘Beware! Edmund, Beware!’ than I would be now upon those sleepy waves.”

The person who stood next him, and whom I had concluded to be a fisherman, from the old and tattered jacket which he wore, added to the foreboding remarks of the first speaker, “Ay, ay; I ween ye speak the truth, and may I never draw net again if some harm comes not to yon brig before midnight. I well remember when, forty years ago last March, the ‘Bonny Gilderoy’ struck in the same place. She little knew her danger, nor thought that rocks were there; but the first squall pitched her bows under, and in half an hour she was shivered plank from plank. I shall never forget that day, nor the song which mad Wilson, as he was called, made the same day. Hold now, you shall hear it, unless my memory be buried with him who made it.

The old fisherman proceeded to sing, in a tone by no means musical, yet suited well to the song itself, and to the scenery around:—

THE BONNY GILDEROY.

The winter's snow was on the ground,
The winds of March blew cold,
The gallant sun refused to shine,
To waste his beams of gold.
The sea look'd wild, the sky look'd dark,
Loud was the sea-gull's joy;
When from the west, on the billow's breast
Came the Bonny Gilderoy.

Anon the slumb'ring winds arose
And swept the briny sea,
The waves that long lay still and dead,
Now danced right merrily;
They beat against the rugged rocks,
Aye threat'ning to destroy,
But careless still, of good or ill,
Sailed the Bonny Gilderoy.

The thunders shook the murky sky,
The forked lightnings flashed,

While loud the sparkling billows roar'd
That o'er the Swiskers* dashed.
The danger bids all hands aloft,
And finds them full employ,
For the lightning past, and struck the mast
Of the Bonny Gilderoy.

And then the piercing shriek was heard,
Mix'd with the ocean's roar,
For all was lost; and the gallant ship
Shall plough the waves no more.
Full many a corse was cast on shore,
The ravens to decoy,
Which hovering flew round the lifeless crew
Of the Bonny Gilderoy.

The song was scarcely ended, when a rough-looking sailor, who had been all along gazing from the heavens to the sea, and then to the ship, exclaimed aloud, "Hold your tongue, Tom, we shall have enough noise presently, for there goes the cormorant and the gull; and if the black clouds deceive me not, we shall soon hear the cries of man mixed with their cursed croaking, and the roar of the dashing

* The name of a chain of hidden rocks, where the scene of the present narrative is laid.

breakers; so bear a hand, let's down and make safe the skiffs; there's no time to lose with so wild a sky above, and so still a sea below us." With that he bounded off, followed by his companion, and they were soon lost amidst the winding of the rocks.

This seemed a signal for the whole to depart, and in a short time I was the only one left, except, indeed, a young man, who till now had escaped my observation, and who was leaning against an old wall a short way off, with his arms folded and apparently regardless of everything, save the vessel, upon which he had fixed his eyes immovably. But the darkness of the night, which now came on apace, concealed him from me, and I fancied he had, following the example of the rest, retired to his home. The moon now rose, but the scud which swept wildly over the horizon, only permitted it to be seen at intervals, while the largeness and the paleness of the halo with which it was surrounded, evidently indicated the approach of a storm; which was confirmed by the awful stillness which reigned on earth. The few withered leaves which clung to the branches, rustled with a fearful motion; while the waves came slowly to the shore, and sent forth a low and hollow sound as they beat against the cliffs, or flowed over the shells and pebbles of the coast.

Darkness now asserted her power uncontrolled. No object could be discerned, save here and there a faint glimmer which shone through the window of the cottager, and even that was hardly distinguishable; for the inmates had well nigh excluded all light, by crowding round its source, where they sat either silently gazing at each other, or else relating some doleful narrative, of itself sufficient to terrify the superstitious peasants, without the assistance of the portending elements. Many a tale of most terrifying description had already been told, when that but half related was deprived of its conclusion, and cut short on the verge of its melancholy catastrophe by a loud blast of wind, which threatened destruction to half the village, and forcing open the doors, announced to those within the arrival of the storm they had been fearfully expecting. The rain, at the same time, began to descend; at first, in a few large drops which pattered mournfully against the windows, but increasing in a minute to the tempest shower; the lightning flashed faintly along, and the rumbling of the thunder was heard at a distance, though every flash grew more vivid than that which had preceded it, and every peal became louder and louder; while the interval between each was filled up with the

whistling of the wind, and the roar of the breakers, which had now risen to considerable violence.

Nothing could well be greater than the contrast which at this time existed between the tumult without, and the stillness within doors! for each sat silent and motionless as a statue; or if any one ventured to speak, it was done in so subdued a tone, that it sounded but as a whisper; and even then the speaker seemed afraid of infringing upon the rights of the maddened elements. But this lethargy was not doomed to last long, for we were soon roused by the thrilling report of the signal gun, which broke upon the ear with an awful echo, and seemed possessed of an electric power—again, once—twice—thrice, the signals were heard in rapid succession; and now the idea of fellow-beings in danger roused all from the stupor which the first report cast them into. Each forgot for a while the tempest which a few minutes before had filled them with fear, and rushed toward the shore. By the time I had reached it, the beach was covered with those who, being better acquainted with the ways, had got there before me. But no one could do more than express his feelings in sudden ejaculations, as the lightning, or the flashes from the guns, which now kept up an incessant firing, re-

vealed the vessel to his view, where she might be seen struggling between two sharp rocks, which rose upon each side of her, and against which the angry breakers beating caused the surf to cover the ship every minute. The people on the shore either stood motionless with fear, or ran madly from place to place along the rocks, to catch a glimpse, if possible, of the stranger vessel, for, to render her any assistance in her present situation was altogether impossible. However, to do all that might be done, two small boats were brought forward, and a liberal reward offered to any who would be hardy enough to risk their lives for the preservation of others. Instantly, one of them was occupied by a young man whom, by the glare of the torch, I recognized to be the same that I had seen at nightfall gazing so attentively on the vessel. The boat darted over a wave, and was lost from sight in a moment. By the flash of guns we could still distinguish the brig whenever the surf, which now rose to a tremendous height, presented a clear passage; but the little skiff seemed to have disappeared for ever, and it was given up for lost by most persons. However, after working in painful suspense for several minutes, it was again observed wearing to its object, and a shout from the vessel announced that the crew had recog-

nized the intrepid hero who had come to their assistance. But fate seemed determined to thwart all human efforts, for a heavy swell, accompanied with a resistless squall of wind, forced the ill-fated vessel against one of the rocks she had so long avoided; and, from the confused noise which ensued, we understood, alas! too well, that she was wrecked—that all was past!

Darkness now completely veiled every object from our sight, and the next flash of lightning showed us the ship, though still together, yet laid completely on her beam-ends, and washed by every wave.

About an hour after, the storm began to abate, and the moon peeped through the clouds at intervals. We still continued on the beach, in hopes of being able every minute to gain some information concerning the wreck; but we waited in vain; the vessel still remained immovable; and the fragments which floated ashore had nothing on them from which we might learn her name or place of destination. Midnight arrived, and we were well repaid for all our anxiety by the appearance of our little skiff, emerging from the waves with its gallant charge and two other persons. We hailed it with all our might, but our joy was considerably damped

on receiving no answer. A minute brought it to where we stood, but its cargo was inanimate; one had ceased to breathe—the generous youth, indeed, was still alive, but the power of utterance was gone, and ere morning he was also a corpse; while the third, the maid he loved, and whom he had rescued from a watery grave at the expense of his own life, survived but a week, and now rests beside him in the churchyard of St. D——.

EVENING.

THIS is the hour when memory wakes
Sweet dreams that could not last;
This is the hour when fancy takes
A survey of the past.

She brings before the pensive mind
Dear thoughts of earlier years;
And friends that have been long consigned
To silence and to tears.

The few we liked, the one we loved,
Come slowly stealing on;
And many a form far hence removed,
And many a pleasure gone.

Friendships that now in death are hush'd,
Affection's broken chain;
And hopes, that fate too quickly crushed,
In memory live again.

I watch the fading gleams of day,
I muse on bright scenes flown;
Tint after tint, they fade away,
Night comes and all are gone.

G. B. C.

HAPPINESS.

True happiness is not the gentle growth of earth,
The toil is fruitless if you seek it here:
'Tis an exotic of celestial birth,
And never blooms but in celestial air.

Sweet plant of Paradise! thy seeds are sown
In here and there a mind of heavenly mould;
It rises slow and blooms—but ne'er was known
To ripen here—the climate is too cold.

AUTUMN FLOWERS.

BY MARY FLETCHER.

THOSE few pale Autumn flowers!

How beautiful they are!

Than all that went before,

Than all the summer store,

How lovelier far!

And why?—they are the *last*—

The last!—the last!—the last!—

Oh, by that little word,

How many thoughts are stirred!

The sister of the past!

Pale flowers!—pale perishing flowers!

Ye're types of precious things;

Types of those bitter moments,

That flit like life's enjoyments,

On rapid, rapid wings.

Last hours with parting dear ones,
 (That time the fastest spends;)
Last tears, in silence shed,
Last words, half uttered,
 Last looks of dying friends!

But who would fain compress
 A life into a day—
The last day spent with one,
Who, ere the morrow's sun,
 Must leave us, and for aye?

O, precious, precious moments!
 Pale flowers, ye're types of those—
The saddest! sweetest! dearest!
Because, like those, the nearest
 To an eternal close.

Pale flowers! pale perishing flowers!
 I woo your gentle breath;
I leave the summer rose
For younger, blither brows—
 Tell me of change and death!

THE CHILD'S DREAM.

BY JAMES BALDRY.

O, MOTHER, Mother! such a dream as I have had
to-night,
Such fields—such flowers—such bright array—and
such a heavenly light!
Methought, as slumbering on my bed—a mighty
angel came,
His eyes were stars, his vest was gold, his wings
were tipt with flame.

He hung above me, mother, yes, as erst my father
did,
Before they bore him far away, beneath the coffin
lid,
And tender were the words he spoke, and beauteous
every flower,
He bound around my beaming brow in that enrapt-
tured hour.

O, Mother, once methought his face looked like my
father's did,
But then the tears crept to my eyes, that were before
so clear,
"Up, lilies, up," he softly said, and far away he
flew,
By clouds and stars, and rosy bowers, all silvered
o'er with dew.

And up, and up, we went, and still the stars were
everywhere,
And mild and murmuring music rolled along the
balmy air,
And oh! I wist not of the change, so sudden and so
bright,
But, mother dear, I stood before a throne of beaming
light.

And angel forms, in thousands stood, in robes of
brilliant sheen,
Sweet hymns and songs of joy they sung, and struck
their harps between,
And then methought that angel bright did beckon
me away
To where there sat a little child as lovely as the day!

And, mother! 'twas our little one for whom you wept
so much,

I ran to clasp him in my arms, but could not feel his
touch;

His cheeks were like the blooming rose, his hair
was silver bright,

His lips were rubies set in pearl, magnificently
white.

He said "why does my mother stay so long away
from me,

Here is my sire, and thou art here, but where, oh,
where is she?"

I turned to see my father's face, but he had soared
away;

My brother, too, was gone, and I upon my pillow
lay.

Now, mother, ponder well my dream, the meaning
tell to me,

And I will be a loving child and tender unto thee.

"Alas!" the weeping mother said, "thy dream I
well may know,—

All, all are gone but thee alone, and now thou too
must go."

And so it was—that gentle child pined, sickened,
 drooped and died,
They laid her in her brother's grave, her lonely
 mother's pride;
And oft the matron's waking hours renew that
 solemn theme,
And prayers are sighed, and tears are shed, upon
 her infant's dream.

TO A DEPARTED FRIEND.

Forgive, blest shade, the tributary tear,
 That mourns thine exit from a world like this;
Forgive the wish that would have kept thee here,
 And stayed thy progress to the seats of bliss.

No more confined to grovelling scenes of night,
 No more a tenant kept in mortal clay,
Now should we rather hail thy glorious flight,
 And trace thy journey to the realms of day.

THE DEAF POSTILION.

IN the month of January, 1804, Joey Duddle, a well-known postilion on the north road, caught a cold through sleeping without his nightcap; deafness was eventually the consequence; and, as it will presently appear, a young fortune-hunter lost twenty thousand pounds and a handsome wife, through Joey Duddle's indiscretion; in omitting, on one fatal occasion, to wear his sixpenny woollen nightcap.

Joey did not discontinue driving after his misfortune; his eyes and his spurs were, generally speaking, of more utility in his monotonous avocation than his ears. His stage was invariably nine miles up the road, or a "long fifteen down towards Greta," and he had repeated his two rides so often that he could have gone over the ground blindfold. People in chaises are rarely given to talking with their postilions. Joey knew by experience, what were the two or three important questions in posting, and the usual times and places when and where they were asked, and he was always prepared with the proper

answers. At those parts of the road where objects of interest to strangers occurred, Joey faced about on his saddle, and if he perceived the eyes of his passengers fixed upon him, their lips in motion, and their fingers pointing to a gentleman's seat, a fertile valley, a beautiful stream, or a fine wood, he naturally enough presumed they were in the act of inquiring what the seat, the valley, the stream, or the wood, was called; and he replied according to the fact. The noise of the wheels was a very good excuse for such trifling blunders as Joey occasionally made; and whenever he found himself progressing towards a dilemma, he very dexterously contrived by means of a sly poke with his spur, to make his hand-horse evidently require the whole of his attention. At the journey's end, when the gentleman he had driven produced a purse, Joey, without looking at his lips, knew that he was asking a question, to which it was his duty to reply, "nineteen shillings and sixpence," or "twenty-two shillings," according as the job had been the "short up," or the "long down." If any more questions were asked, Joey recollected something that demanded his immediate attention, begged pardon, promised to be back in a moment, and disappeared never to return. The

natural expression of his features indicated a remarkably taciturn disposition; almost every one with whom he came in contact, was deterred, by his physiognomy, from asking him but necessary questions, and as he was experienced enough to answer, or cunning enough to evade these, when he thought fit, but few travellers ever discovered that Joey Duddle was deaf. So blind is man in some cases, even to his bodily defects, that Joey, judging from his general success in giving correct replies to the queries propounded to him, almost doubted his own infirmity, and never would admit that he was above one point beyond "a little hard of hearing."

On the 1st of June, in the year 1806, about nine o'clock in the morning, a chaise and four was perceived approaching towards the inn kept by Joey's master, at a first rate Gretna Green gallop. As it dashed up to the door, the postboys vociferated the usual call for two pair of horses, those which brought the chaise from the last posting-house having already done a double job that day, the lads would not ride them on through so heavy a stage as the "long down."

"How excessively provoking," exclaimed one of the passengers; "I am certain that our pursuers are not far behind us. The idea of having the cup of

bliss dashed from my very lips—of such beauty and affluence being snatched from me for want of a second pair of paltry posters—drives me frantic.”

“A Gretna Green affair, I presume, sir?” observed the inquisitive landlord.

The gentleman made no scruple of admitting that he had run away with the fair young creature who accompanied him, and that she was entitled to a fortune of twenty thousand pounds:—“one half of which,” continued the gentleman, “I would freely give, if I had it, to be at this instant behind the four horses, scampering away, due north, at full speed.”

“I can assure you, sir,” said the landlord, “that a fresh pair of such animals as I offer you, will carry you over the ground as quick as if you had ten dozen of the regular road-hacks. No man keeps better cattle than I do, and this pair beats all the others in my stables by two miles an hour. But in ten minutes perhaps, and certainly within half an hour”—

“Half an hour! half a minute’s delay might ruin me,” replied the gentleman; “I hope I shall find the character you have given your cattle a correct one;—dash on, postilion!”

Before this short conversation between the inn-keeper was concluded, Joey Duddle had put to his horses—which were, of course, kept harnessed—and

taken his seat, prepared to start at a moment's notice. He kept his eye on the innkeeper, who gave the usual signal of a rapid wave of the hand, as soon as the gentleman had ceased speaking: and Joey Duddle's cattle, in obedience to his whip and spur, hobbled off at that awkward and evidently painful pace, which is, perforce, adopted by the most praiseworthy post-horses for the first ten minutes or so, of their journey. But the pair over which Joey presided were, as the innkeeper had asserted, very speedy; and the gentleman soon felt satisfied that it would take an extraordinary quadruple team to overtake them. His hopes rose at the sight of each succeeding milestone: he ceased to put his head out of the window every five minutes, and gaze anxiously up the road; he readily anticipated a triumph—when a crack, a crush, a shriek from the lady, a jolt, an instant change of position, and a positive pause, occurred in the order in which they are stated, with such suddenness and relative rapidity, that the gentleman was for a moment or two utterly deprived of his presence of mind by alarm and astonishment. The bolt which connects the fore-wheels, splinter-bar, springs, fore-bed, axle-tree, *et cetera*, with the perch that passes under the body of the chaise to the hind-wheel springs and

carriage, had snapped asunder; the whole of the foreparts were instantly dragged onwards by the horses; the traces by which the body was attached to the fore-springs gave way; the chaise fell forward, and of course remained stationary, with its contents in the middle of the road; while the deaf postilion rode on with his eyes intently fixed on vacuity before him, as though nothing whatever had happened.

Alarmed and indignant in the highest degree, at the postilion's conduct, the gentleman shouted with all his might, such exclamations as any man would naturally use on such an occasion; but Joey, although but a little distance, took no notice of what had occurred behind his back, and very complacently trotted his horses on at the rate of eleven or twelve miles an hour. He thought the cattle went better than ever: his mind was occupied with the prospect of a speedy termination to his journey; he felt elated at the idea of outstripping the pursuers—for Joey had discrimination enough to perceive at a glance, that his passengers were runaway lovers—and he went on very much to his own satisfaction. As he approached the inn which terminated the "long down," Joey, as usual, put his horses on their mettle, and they having nothing but a fore-carriage and

a young lady's trunk behind them, rattled up to the door at a rate unexampled in the annals of posting, with all the little boys and girls in the neighbourhood hallooing in their rear.

It was not until he drew up to the inn door and alighted from his saddle, that Joey discovered his disaster; and nothing could equal the utter astonishment which his features then displayed. He gazed at the place where the body of his chaise, his passengers, and hind wheels ought to have been, for above a minute, and then suddenly started down the road on foot, under an idea that he must recently have dropped them. On nearing a little elevation, which commanded about two miles of the ground over which he had come, he found to his utter dismay that no traces of the main body of his chaise were perceptible; nor could he discover his passengers, who had, as it appeared in the sequel, been overtaken by the lady's friends. Poor Joey immediately ran into a neighbouring hay-loft, where he hid himself, in despair, for three days; and when discovered, he was with great difficulty persuaded by his master, who highly esteemed him, to resume his whip, and return to his saddle.

THE HOUR IS COME.

THE hour is come—too soon it came—

When you and I, fair girl, must sever;

But though as yet be strange thy name,

Thy memory will be loved for ever.

We met as pilgrims on the way,

Thy smiles made bright the gloomiest weather,

Yet who is there can name the day

When we shall meet again together!

Be that as 'twill, if ne'er to meet,

At least we've had one day of gladness;

And oh! a glimpse of joys more sweet,

That it is seen through clouds of sadness.

Thus did the sun—half hid to-day—

Seem lovelier in its hour of gleaming,

Than had we mark'd its fervid ray

Through one untired day of beaming.

LOVE AND DEATH.

BY MARY E. LEE.

Louis de Bourbon, Count of Monpensier, died suddenly of grief, whilst viewing the tomb of his father, the Duke of Bourbon, which was opened at his command, amid all the pomp of a magnificent service, and in the presence of his victorious army.

It was the twilight hour! Deep silence hung
 Like a lone watcher, o'er each sainted shrine,
 Where pure religion burnt her lamp divine,
 Mid fair Italia's temple, and there rung
 No sound upon the stillness, save perchance,
 When the slight gale, stirring the citron leaves,
 Displayed their silver linings to the glance
 Of the enamour'd moon, or some bird weaves,
 Lur'd by the quivering light, a broken chain
 Of wild and dreamy song. But hark! that toll
 From the old minster bell; and now the whole
 Of the antique and consecrated fane
 Was kindled with a red and glaring light,
 Stronger than midday, while its fretted height

Return'd the solemn anthem as it rose
Midst clouds of incense, blent with organ clear,
While the low dirge was echo'd at its close
By voices, that grew stronger on the ear
At every moment—till the sounding aisle
Rang with the heavy tread of a full train
Of mailed men, who, through the sainted pile
Mov'd to one distant spot; each tinted pane
Shedding a crimson glow upon their forms,
And every steel-clad armour flashing back
The torch-light, clear as lightning 'mid the storms;
On, on they press'd! What stay'd them in their track?
A gilded coffin! all alone it lay
Mid a full flood of brightness: its clos'd lid
Bearing a sword and shield, yet almost hid
Beneath the floating banners, bright and gay,
That wav'd around, as if they heeded not
What spoil it was they cover'd. From the throng
Advanc'd a youthful chieftain to the spot,
And low he bow'd, in silence deep and strong,
Beside the stately bier, until at length
He breath'd in hollow accents, strangely clear,
"Once more I would look on him!" with quick fear
His followers rais'd the lid, and back recoil'd,
As chill'd with death's cold presence: he alone
Shrank not away, but stood like sculptur'd stone,

Gazing upon that image, quite bespoil'd
By its relentless grasp. Long, long he stood
Viewing those smouldering ashes, till his breast
Heav'd like an ocean-billow, and the blood
Forsook his pallid lip and brow compress'd,
As to the bier he bow'd his youthful cheek,
And breath'd his spirit's wo in accents weak.

“Dust! dust! and is this all
That death hath left for me?
What boots it now the shroud and pall
So closely wrapt round thee?

I thought once more to gaze
Upon thy blessed face,
But, father, the rude worm that plays
Hath left of thee no trace.

I have brought victory's crown
To set upon thy brow;
Oh! better 'twere to see thee frown
Than look on thee as now.

Yet no, my father! no!
This anguish grows too wild;

Better to have thee even so,
Than frowning on thy child.

Didst thou not know how well
I lov'd thee, e'en to death,
And how my life was but a spell
Bound in thy living breath?

And yet thou could'st depart,
And leave me all alone—
Oh! take me, take me to that heart,
Since to it I have grown.

If the sun hide its rays
Must not the floweret die?
And can the wind-harp wake its lays
Unless the breeze be high?

Thou wert that sun to me,
And thou that wakening gale;
And yet no answer comes from thee
To soothe my spirit's wail.

Oh! by the days of yore,
When seated by thy side,

I drank in love's most precious lore,
And sought no thoughts to hide:

And for that mother's sake,
Whose earthly course is done,
My sire! let thine ashes wake
And speak unto thy son.

Hush! hark! methought a voice
Came from his distant home;
It calls me! now my heart rejoice—
Father! I come! I come!"

And with a wild and piercing shriek he fell
Upon that couch of death, and closely press'd
His arms, as folding something to his breast,
With a convulsive shiver, that full well
Told of the inward strife; until at last,
Crush'd, like a reed beneath the tempest's blast,
His slight frame yielded to the awe-struck band
That crowded round him, and each trembling hand
Unloosed his heavy breast-plate, and then took
The plume-crown'd helmet from the droop head,
That sank beneath it; but one single look
Told 'twas in vain—the youthful prince was dead!

Charleston, S. C.

THE BRAMIN'S WELL.

IN former days, the city of Hastinapur was the capital of India; but so destructive is time, that we cannot now discover a vestige of its ruins. It was very famous, and very magnificent. The markets blazed with silks, and fumed with oriental spices. Idlers and voluptuaries found them an agreeable place of resort; and the beauties of Indostan were seen passing, in a state of irresolution, from one booth to another, while the cautious merchant adhered to his price, nor allowed himself to forget his interest, although beset by many a soft voice and beautiful pair of eyes.

One afternoon, a person of singular aspect entered the city. His dress resembled that of a bramin; but he had a living serpent fastened round his waist, instead of a girdle. Wherever he went, a crowd of spectators attended; and when he had come to a convenient place, he turned and addressed them as follows: "May Brama long continue to shower down favours on the citizens of Hastinapur. Their town

is the fairest in the world; their societies are the most polished, and their women the most enchanting. But no spot, however favoured, can boast of exemption from the griefs and evils of humanity. I have heard that sickness groans even in these delightful palaces; and that the music of those who divert themselves at evening, on the holy waters of the Ganges, comes to many an ear which is unable to participate in the general gladness. Health is the door to every other blessing; the gratifications of sense cannot reach us but through the medium of sound organs. Intellect is benumbed, when a host of uneasy sensations is continually disturbing the regular sequence of our thoughts; and imagination, that capricious and easily offended power, requires that pain shall be driven off the stage, before any of her fairy pageants are exhibited.

“Listen, therefore, to what I am going to relate: A bramin, distinguished for his piety, has again discovered that miraculous well of which we read in the Puranas. For many ages it has been concealed beneath a rock overblown with sand; and its healing influence has all the while been lost to the human species. A dream sent from the gods has now restored the knowledge of its situation, which is about a league eastward of Hastinapur. Let such, there-

fore, as are inclined follow me to the spot; they will find the venerable man of whom I have spoken, waiting with his gourd to dispense its waters, and communicate gaiety and lightsomeness even to the most unhappy constitutions."

This harangue was received with shouts of satisfaction. Every invalid and hypochondriac went immediately to order his palanquin; and the news being spread with rapidity, produced a commotion over the whole city. Among other places, it reached the veranda of a young lady, whose name was Baidoura, and who sat languishing under the influence of a half-pleasing and half-painful sensation, which she could not understand. The seat of it was in her bosom: and the first symptoms had occurred after looking at a very handsome youth, who sometimes came to amuse himself with dressing the parterres of a neighbouring garden. This charming girl thought she could do no better than join the pilgrims, and get a cup of water along with the rest. In the meantime, as she could not have the use of a palanquin without imparting her design to a very peevish and untractable aunt, she called on a favourite slave to attend her as she walked, and shade her with an umbrella.

Towards evening, a large procession was seen to

quit the walls of Hastinapur. It was led by the bramin, who did not long continue to follow the public highway, but struck off towards a range of solitary mountains, where the town of Hastinapur was soon lost to view. Night began to thicken; a doleful breeze whistled among the rocks, and the faint-hearted citizens became dispirited at the length of the journey. They told their conductor that they had already gone more than a league, and desired to know when his well and his bramin would come visible. To these clamours he replied in a soothing manner, drawing on the party step by step, until he had brought them within the jaws of a gloomy valley. There he left them, and his place was supplied by a troop of banditti. The rich palanquins were plundered. The women shrieked, and the slaves fled. Badoura took refuge in a thicket; and prayed to Vishnoo that she might rather fall into the paws of a leopard than a robber. She was in hopes that her female slave would observe where she had gone, and repair to the same spot; but after waiting with anxiety till the noise of the combat had ceased, and the sound of the voices had removed to a distance, she found she was still alone, in the midst of utter darkness. It seemed, therefore, prudent to seek for an outlet, and she went slowly forward, groping

along the trunks of the trees, and shrinking back when the cold and rugged bark came in contact with her innocent bosom. After some time she cleared the wood, and found herself near one of those immense caves where the disciples of Buddha were in use to perform their devotions, before that religion was expelled from Hindostan.

Badoura trembled, and entered. An extraordinary scene broke upon her sight. The cave was illuminated with a profusion of chandeliers, and the whole party of invalids and hypochondriacs were sitting down to a collation, formed of the choicest materials at that time used in the East. But what surprised her more than all, was to see the principal physician in Hastinapur taking his seat at the upper end of the table. Before doing the honours of the place, he addressed them in the following terms:

“ I hope my fellow-citizens will pardon this innocent frolic, which has been contrived for no other purpose than their own advantage. My presence here excites astonishment; but that astonishment will cease, when it is known that I am the person, who, under the disguise of a bramin, led you astray among these mountains, and employed a troop of my own servants to bring you here by force, where

you see that I have not neglected to prepare for your reception.

“During my practice in Hastinapur, I have, a thousand times, been consulted upon diseases which had no existence but in the fancy of the patient, and which arose from nothing but mere ennui and vacuity of mind. In cases like these I have always frankly confessed that nothing could be done by medicine; and that the patient could only cure himself by finding out a better occupation for his thoughts. But the indolent are ever willing to be flattered with hopes of relief from other causes than their own exertions, and one promise after another has been held out to my worthy townsmen, by the most pernicious impostors. I have now led you a ramble which will render deception less easy for the future, and which, I am convinced, has for the present banished all remembrance of imaginary evils. Let us, therefore, spend the night with gaiety. Tomorrow, by daylight, your palanquins will take you back to the city.”

The citizens of Hastinapur received this piece of raillery with the utmost good humour. They felt their spirits lightened, and having enjoyed an agreeable repast, unanimously declared, that the fright

and the novelty had done them a great deal of benefit. Nevertheless, Badoura was conscious of a gentle pain which still continued lurking and lingering about the regions of her heart; and only refrained from saying so, because she did not wish to be questioned upon the subject.

COMPARISON.

The lake lay hid in mist, and to the sand
The little billows hastening silently
Came sparkling on, in many a gladsome band,
Soon as they touched the shore all doomed to die.
I gazed upon them with a pensive eye,
For, on that dim and melancholy strand,
I saw the image of man's destiny.
So hurry we right onwards thoughtlessly,
Unto the coast of that Eternal Land,
Where, like the worthless billows in their glee,
The first faint touch, unable to withstand,
We melt at once into eternity.
O Thou who weighest the waters in thine hand,
My awe-struck spirit puts her trust in Thee!

REFLECTIONS ON THE NEW YEAR.

BY JOHN BIRD.

YEAR rolls on year! Time flies so fast,
We scarce perceive his flight, nor deem
The present moment, nor the past,
Has realized our golden dream.
Well, let us dream! to 'wake and mourn
For blessings lost, or sorrows borne,
Would only place us on the rack,
And could not bring one moment back!

No! Time hath only *one* lock—gray—
And that, alas! not seen behind;
Unless we seize the thief to-day,
He flies us like the idle wind:
Ay, *thief* I deem him—for, he steals
Our youth away, which oft reveals
Visions so bright with endless joy,
Which naught but *Time* could e'er destroy!

So let him fly! could we pursue,
And bring him back, we might not love him;
Time *present* wears a sombre hue,
Except to minds that soar above him!
To minds which bow not to that fate
Which leaves the coward desolate!
To minds that soar above the sorrow
Which threats to-day, or waits to-morrow!

Yet would I not forget that all
The worldly things which charm us here,
With them that rise—and them that fall—
Are passing with the passing year:
We *all* are changing! heedless Time,
E'en now, regardless of my rhyme,
Dull hovering o'er oblivion's brink,
Blots out the moments as I think!

Well! *other* moments follow—Yes! -
And why may they not brightly smile?
The storm that wrecks our happiness
Is often mercy veiled awhile:
I love to *feel* the hour was given,
A joyous beam that lights to heaven!
I love to pluck the flowers that bloom
Between the cradle and the tomb!

Oh! what a paradise is spread
Around us here! our life discloses
Amid the trivial ills we dread,
For every thorn a thousand roses!
Away with Care!—fair Hope! inspire
The drooping world! and lend thy fire
To warm our hearts, and light us o'er
Life's path—till life shall be no more!

CHARITY.

It is the duty of a man
To bless his greatest foe,
And shield the arm that late was raised,
To work his direst woe.

Just so the scented sandal tree,
In all its pride and bloom,
Sheds on the axe that lays it low,
Its sweet and rich perfume.



THE DECLARATION.

BY JAMES NACK.

It was the hour of eve, the lovely hour
That melts upon the heart with softest power,
When at his Mary's side the favoured youth
Poured forth his soul in words of love and truth.
She answers not, yet from her downcast eyes
And kindling blush, love's eloquence replies;
While timidly she yields to his command
Her half complying, half retiring hand,
On which he prints the first enraptured kiss,
Then crowns it with the PLEDGE of truth and bliss,
And kneels with fond entreaty at her feet,
Till answered by her smile—that smile so sweet.
He seats himself at his belov'd one's side,
The chosen of his heart, his joy and pride;
While, bashful of his gaze, her roseate face
Glows like Aurora in the sun's embrace.
He parts the tresses on her brow of snow,
And wreathes his fingers in that raven flow,

And wakes the curls that on her bosom sleep,
And floats them o'er his cheek in playful sweep;
Bends to her ear with whisper fond and bland,
And clasps in his her fine and fairy hand.
Now sets the seal of love upon her brow,
Now on her cheek—her mouth of roses now;
Around her neck his arm enamoured twines,
And on her breast his happy head reclines.
She bends her head—her lips to his are prest,
And he could almost die—so very blest.

New York.

THE SUN.

Contemplate, when the sun declines,
Thy death with deep reflection!
And when again he rising shines,
Thy day of resurrection!

ALLAN BARCLAY.

AMONG those soldiers who survived the battle of Waterloo was a private belonging to the — regiment of foot, of the name of Allan Barclay. He was a native of Ayr, and had received an education calculated for a higher rank in life than the one he held. His parents, indeed, were respectable burghers of that respectable town; and Allan, with some little caution and perseverance, might have succeeded them in their quiet and easy path, had not a restless and rambling turn of mind made him dissatisfied with all around—occasioned endless discords at home—and brought him into a thousand petty scrapes, until at last, in a youthful frolic or passion, he enlisted into the regiment above-mentioned, and crossed the British channel, along with the troops, before his parents were apprized of the circumstance.

Although the battle of Waterloo struck a death-blow to the hopes of the Buonapartists, it was judged necessary to the peace of France, that the victorious armies should be quartered throughout the kingdom

until its agitation should subside; and those soldiers, therefore, who had survived the conflict, had not the satisfaction of witnessing, in their own country, the burst of enthusiasm that followed the news of their success, or of returning home while home rung with their deeds. Allan Barclay was one of the few who had escaped the battle unhurt, and it was his fate to be billeted in a small cottage at a considerable distance from Paris. The only inmates of the cottage were an elderly woman and her daughter. Dame Clerville, the name of the woman, was the widow of one who had been killed while serving Buonaparte about the commencement of his career; and two sons had shared a fate somewhat similar—the elder having been killed in Spain, and the younger having been taken prisoner, with many others, in the expedition to Moscow, and thence conveyed to the wilds of Siberia, to labour there, with little hope of release. The daughter, Mariette, therefore, was all that remained to comfort the widowed mother.

At the time Barclay took up his residence in the house of the widow, Mariette was just beginning to open into a beautiful and interesting girl. Her age was only thirteen, although her stature, and sometimes the look of her eye, seemed to belong to maturer years. She had generally, however, the

appearance of the *girl*; and it was only occasionally, when her spirits were excited, that the spectator could look upon her in any other light. When our soldier first introduced himself, he had every reason to believe that he was an unwelcome and disagreeable intruder. The circumstances, that he belonged to the enemy under which a husband and a son—a father and a brother—had suffered, and that, independent of this, he would be a burden upon them for several weeks, were sufficient to sour the kindest hearts, and render his reception cold and repulsive. But he conducted himself with such affability and good grace, that the widow and her daughter soon began to hold him in esteem—to love his company—and at length to find that he added much to their social enjoyment. So soon, indeed, did he gain their affections, that at the expiration of his billet, when he found that thenceforth he must provide other quarters from his daily pay, he was prevailed upon to continue his abode in the cottage, in the character of a lodger.

There was at the time nothing to employ the British soldiery in France; and Allan, therefore, became quite domesticated in the cottage. When the weather permitted, he most commonly worked during the day in a little plot of ground which sur-

rounded and belonged to the house; and in the evening he employed himself in teaching young Mariette the English language, and in talking of his native country, to whose blue mountains his mind was ever and anon reverting.—And time passed thus delightfully on, and every day linked him closer and closer with the little family. The affectionate old woman looked upon him as filling up the place of her youngest and dearest son; and Mariette, in her girlish enthusiasm, loved him better than a brother.

But the life of a soldier is, of all others, the most changeable; and, although not unexpectedly, the orders came abruptly, that he must leave the gay fields of France, and embark for his native land. Anxious as he was to see the friends and the scenes to which he had been so long a stranger, it was not without bitter feelings that he left the cottage where he had spent two years of quiet enjoyment. Nor did the widow and the daughter feel his departure less severely. It was to them like another family bereavement. The old woman hung upon his neck and sobbed, while Mariette stood, like a beautiful statue, gazing steadfastly at him through eyes from which the big tears were incessantly trickling.—“You have been,” cried the afflicted widow, “a third son to me—you have filled the place of Julian

—you have charmed away my bereavements: and must *you* leave me too? Oh! it brings all my sorrows back upon me. There is no hope that you shall return—say not there is hope, as my husband and sons did. I have learned well that delusion;—I know you will never return;—but in the country to which you go, may the God of good bless you!—and this will be my first prayer in the morning, and my last in the evening.” Mariette said not a word; and the soldier, who wished to throw a lightness over the scene, and to divert the poor girl from the seeming intensity of her thoughts, took her familiarly by the hand, with the intention of addressing her playfully. But suddenly his spirits forsook him;—there was a passion in her posture that at once overcame him; and this was, perhaps, the first time in which he beheld her in any other light than that of a young and artless girl. “Mariette,” he said with some hesitation—“Mariette, you have learned the English language:”—a thought hung over him which he could not articulate: and all the harassments of a protracted parting might have been experienced, had not a band of his comrades arrived to hurry him away. Abruptly, and holding his hand over his eyes, he left the house; and the noise of many voices

dying gradually away, told the cottagers that he was gone for ever.

It was long before the grief of the widow and the daughter ceased to be violent. Days passed on—weeks—months—and every day called up a remembrance afflicting as it was regular. The feelings of Mariette, however, assumed a loftier character than grief. She was of that age when the mind is alive to all the romance of life—she had seen nothing and was seeing nothing of the world—and had imbibed an attachment for the British soldier, which every day strengthened more and more. In a little summer house that Allan had erected in the garden, she was constantly lingering, and indulging in the most Eutopian reveries. There she first formed the wild project of going to Britain, for it appeared to her as an enchanted land, and she thought if she were only there, and only saw Barclay once more, she would be happy. “I have learned the English language, were his last words,” she would say—“what avails it but for *his* sake? Perhaps he remembers me only as the little girl who listened to his stories and his instructions, while he loves another in his own country. This may not be;—I shall never know whether or not;—but were it not to

leave my mother lonely and desolate, I would go to England, and search him out, and see what he thinks of me now."

Nearly two years passed on, and Mariette still indulged the prospect of visiting England, but was still checked in the accomplishment of her intention by the thought of leaving her mother—when, one afternoon, a stranger, in sorry habiliments, and with a body emaciated seemingly by fatigue, called at the cottage, and begged some little refreshment. He was kindly shown a seat at the fireside, and a little round table, with some simple refreshment, was placed before him. The viands, however, which he lifted to his mouth, he seemed to swallow with difficulty; and his trembling hands and pale face drew on him the eyes of both mother and daughter; when, after a short and hurried survey, suddenly the mother shrieked, and flew to the arms of her beloved and long-exiled son. A mark upon his hand, which he had received when he was a child, first told the mother who her guest was. He had been endeavouring to disguise himself, to enjoy more vividly the home of his childhood. After the first congratulations were over, he told them of his sufferings in Siberia, where, as Thomson beautifully says,

Nought around

Strikes the sad eye but deserts lost in snow,
And heavy loaded groves, and solid floods,
That stretch athwart the solitary vast
Their icy horrors to the frozen main;
And cheerless towns far distant, never blessed,
Save when its annual course the caravan
Bends to the golden coast of rich Cathay
With news of human kind——

how he had escaped—and how he had travelled on foot through a thousand dangers and difficulties, which his former hardships had learned him to brave, and the pleasure he now felt had fully atoned for.

Mariette congratulated herself with no ordinary feelings on the arrival of her brother. She felt relieved now, and fully at liberty to undertake the journey which she had long meditated. A day or two passed in making arrangements for her departure, which she determined should be privately; for she well knew, that to consult her mother or brother would be to throw in her way an effectual barrier. To keep their minds at ease, however, she drew out a short letter, intimating that she had left them on a particular errand, which she durst not disclose, and

that she would return in a few weeks. A small purse of money, which was her own, and a small bundle of clothes, which she had previously hid under a tree, at some distance from the cottage, was all that she considered necessary for her journey:—and on a fine April morning, she left the home of her fathers, unobserved and unsuspected. A lingering look at her mother, who lay still asleep, and whom she would fain have kissed awake, to beseech a blessing—and another look at her beloved cottage, as she turned the last winding of the road, which hid it, perhaps for ever, from her view, were the only swerves which her fortitude made in her bold and dangerous undertaking.

To trace out her progress to England, and latterly to Scotland, in search of the regiment to which Barclay belonged—interesting as it might be—would exceed the intended limits of this story.

It was in Glasgow, in the middle of summer, that she first came in contact with the regiment. It had been long expected to enter that city, for the first time since the termination of the war; and the numerous relations and acquaintances of those belonging to it, (for, although professedly an Argyllshire regiment, the — was chiefly composed of natives of Glasgow,) had been hourly, like Mariette,

looking for its arrival. Towards the afternoon of a delightful summer day, the drums sounding through that narrow street in the Gorbals which leads up to the Old Bridge, first announced its approach; and Mariette stood, with many others, waiting, with infinite anxiety, for its appearance. The heavy drum was momentarily sounding louder and louder, and was heard even amidst the cheers which a warm-hearted people bestowed upon a native and favourite regiment. Every peal vibrated upon the heart of Mariette; and as the blackening crowd, which preceded the soldiers, drew on, her fears and her hopes increased. Her knees shook violently, her lips turned pale and tremulous, and her bright eyes seemed to herself to have lost their power of vision. The sudden summons, however, of a stout heart—and the determination of screening herself in the meantime, should *he* be there—recovered her greatly, when the regiment advanced. Still her gaze was eager and frightful as battalion after battalion passed before her. At length, her eyes fell upon the object of their search, whose appearance was too deeply rooted in her mind to escape them. She saw him merely—and but for a moment. Her vision again lost its power; and before she recovered, the regiment and the crowd were far advanced before her.

With a palpitating heart, she followed it; and when it had entered the barrack gates, and the last beat of the drum and huzza of the crowd were over, she ventured forward, and with a timid eye looked along the splendid area of the Glasgow infantry barracks. It was some time before she observed Allan, who was standing at the further extremity. A chilly damp came over her, as she marked that he was conversing with a young woman. All the doubts and fears, that had at times crossed her mind, of Barclay being engaged, were by this awakened. She leaned herself near the gate; nor durst she, for some time, confirm by another glance what she had seen; and when, at length, she ventured to lift her eyes, he was gone! She now felt, for the first time, her fortitude waver; and, hurrying into a house of entertainment opposite the barracks, asked for a small apartment, which she had no sooner entered, than she flung herself upon a chair, and wept bitterly. The landlady of the house did not leave her long to this indulgence; but presently standing before her, startled her by inquiring what her pleasure was. "Any thing," was the poor girl's reply, "any refreshment you have." With a tedious and unlistened-to proem, the landlady handed in a slight refection, and left the girl again to herself.

A much different company took up the attention of the loquacious hostess. It was four or five of the soldiers who were enjoying themselves in an apartment immediately adjoining that of Mariette's. A slight wooden partition divided the rooms; and it was impossible—interested even as Mariette was in her own thoughts—not to hear the conversation that passed. One voice immediately awakened her attention—a voice as familiar and as endeared to her as her mother's—the voice of Allan Barclay. She listened now with fearful trepidation; and as the joke and laugh went round, she, in the delusion of her own grief, wondered he could be so light-hearted.—“A bumper, my boys,” she heard one cry, “to the Glasgow lasses! They look blither and kinder than ever. What say you, Barclay? You must pledge it in despite of all French trumpery!”—“My second bumper it will be,” she heard her beloved Barclay answer; “but you know, Tom, I must first pay my orison to the ruling divinity.” “Pooh! that everlasting Mariette again! I wish you had her in your arms, and be done with her.” “A toast of that,” cried Barclay—“it is your own, Tom, you cannot object to it.” “*Object!*—Oh no, not I. Hurra, my lads, hurra!”

It would be difficult to describe the sensations

which Mariette felt on hearing these words. There was a sudden brightening up of her countenance, but more seemingly the effect of alarm than satisfaction. Every thought which she had nourished so long and so ardently rushed upon her, and her heart throbbed as if it would have burst its boundaries. "He remembers me yet," she said—"but is it as of one who would relieve the tedium of a wife? If it be so," she added, raising herself, "he shall not know what I have suffered for him; and I shall return to my own country this moment, though my heart should break by the way." This burst of a noble-minded girl was quickly succeeded by a delightful beam of hope, which had been buried in the conflict of less pleasant passions. "He may not be married;—he cannot be;—she may have been a relation I saw—a sister;—it is only so,"—and she rung for the landlady. "Is there," she asked, hesitatingly, "an Allan Barclay in your house?" "Not that I know of," was the essence of the landlady's answer. "He is a soldier," said Mariette. "You wish a soldier?" returned the landlady, smirkingly. Mariette, without resenting the insult, summoned up her spirits, and told the landlady that she wished one of the name of Barclay, in the adjoining room, to speak with her. The landlady delivered her

errand bluntly enough, and Barclay, after a hundred hideous jokes had been poured on him by his comrades, calmly entered the apartment where Mariette was standing. On seeing her, all other thoughts were at first lost in surprise; but soon love was triumphant; and the meeting of two affectionate hearts—long separated without hope—formed a scene of indescribable emotion. In the enthusiasm of their interview much was told. He was not married;—he, too, had suffered hardships of a peculiar nature, although not, as in her case, for the object of his attachment;—a life was still before him to repay her wonderful affection:—and it is gratifying to add, that—soon freed from his long and hard-served soldiership—he returned, with his beautiful wife, to the pleasant fields of France, and the more pleasant cottage of Dame Clerville.

LINES

Addressed to an Invalid Stranger.

BY MARY E. LEE.

"Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted."

THEN, Lady, surely thou art blest,
For through the weary years now past,
They tell me, sickness o'er thy frame
Its darksome robe hath ever cast,
And thou dost mourn that health hath spread
Amid life's tissue no bright thread.

Thy fate seems sad to me, and yet
I ween that thou hast many hours
Of purer pleasures, than are given
To those whose paths are decked with flowers;
For happiness is seldom found,
Where earth *looks* all enchanted ground.

No, Lady, no, the star of faith
Shines brightest on a darkened sky,

And hope would not be hope, if all
Was but a cloudless certainty.
Then if they both 'bide in thy breast,
Believe me; thou art truly blest.

And more than these: art thou not rich
In all the joys of social love?
Doth not a sister's watchful care,
Like a fresh childhood to thee prove?
And for thy mother, sure thou art
The strongest tendril round her heart.

And thou hast other bliss, I know,
The gifts of inborn soul are thine;
For through the depths of human woe,
Like waters gushing from the mine,
That intellect, that cannot die,
Works out its noblest destiny.

But dost thou mourn? Oh! there are still
Yet sweeter words for thee in store,
"Thou shalt be comforted," he saith,
Who through a life of suffering bore
The heaviest cross, that e'er can be
Laid upon poor mortality.

God bless thee, Lady! though we ne'er
May meet each other on this earth,
But both, until life's errand's done,
Dwell, where our childhood had its birth,
Yet tender sympathy, I send,
As to some dear, though unknown friend.

Farewell! God bless thee! Thou hast touched
Deep springs of feeling in my breast:
And, Lady! though my prayer be vain,
That yet with health, thou mayst be blest,
Still place thy trust, till life is o'er,
In that Physician, who can cure.

Charleston, S. C.

FROM THE ARABIC.

The morn that usher'd thee to life, my child,
Saw thee in tears, whilst all around thee smiled!
When summoned hence to thy eternal sleep,
Oh may'st thou smile, whilst all around thee weep.

MARCOUF.

FROM THE FRENCH OF EVELINE DESORMERY.

I LOVE the Baroness de C * * *: nothing can surpass the sweetness of her look, the goodness of her heart, nor the gracefulness of her imagination. The candour of childhood still adds to the charm of her expressive physiognomy, on which time has forgotten to mark his progress. She is a woman both amiable and witty, and this enchanting *ensemble* is not, in her, spoilt by presumption. She loves to relate what her memory has preserved of the past, and the interest of what she does relate is increased by her simple yet elegant diction, in which the *ton* of good society predominates without affectation. Her hearers are surprised to find so much pleasure in tales that are without exaggeration or theatrical display.

She came last week to spend a day with us. We slightly touched upon the affairs of the present time, and then we spoke of the hundred days, and the

second invasion: she recollected several anecdotes of that period. The following one I have remembered in nearly the same terms in which she related it to us, not that it is the most interesting, but my truant memory will not furnish me with any of the others, so I will try to relate this in the same words that I heard it.

Now listen, for it is Madame de C * * * who speaks.

In 1815, I spent a few days at Anières with Madame de Brémon, an old friend of my family. The public mind, tired of political agitation, was not yet tranquillized, and events which excited joy in some, rent the hearts of others. If new interests sprung up with new circumstances, immense fortunes were dashed to pieces with a crash, and in their fall swept away with them the military glory of the country. Family ties were burst asunder; the heart agitated by so many different emotions, knew not where to find its equilibrium: such was the position of two-thirds of France.

However, there were some decided characters, who zealously embraced one side or the other, and their prominent situations placed them, without regard, either on the right or left; and those who dared not make up their minds between these two

rocks, found themselves exceedingly embarrassed in their deportment and affections. Everything was arbitrary at this period, and before asking after your health, you were asked what your *opinion* was. I had *mine*, but it was disinterested, and consisted entirely of sentiments, so that I knew not what to do when it was in opposition to that of a friend's. I almost wished then, had it been possible, to change it.

To avoid this confliction of opposite emotions, I took refuge at Madame de Brémon's. She received me as an old friend.

"You have just come at the right time," said she; "we are overwhelmed with melancholy. We have such an interesting guest, a young foreigner, who is very ill. I must introduce you to him. *You* will then feel the charm which binds us to this unfortunate youth, who has hardly seated himself at the feast of life before the cup is dashed from his lips. This is the hour at which I generally visit him; follow me, dear Adèle."

I descended the staircase with her to the ground floor. The invalid occupied a small room the windows of which opened on to a lawn enamelled with thousands of flowers. A couch was placed near the window; one of the blinds only half closed, allowed

a streak of light to enter, which reflected on some light-coloured hangings; this sunbeam reached the young man, and playing among his flaxen locks, looked like a glorious halo surrounding him. His pale forehead, his deep blue eyes, the melancholy smile which played about his discoloured lips, all gave to that face yet so beautiful, an expression half celestial.

At the foot of the couch, squatting down like an Asiatic slave, clothed in a foreign uniform, his forehead supported by both his hands, appeared a figure plunged in deep and sorrowful meditation; the entrance of Madame de Brémon did not disturb him, but at the sound of a slight fit of coughing the soldier raised his head immediately, and cast on the poor youth a rapid glance full of anxiety. The savage physiognomy of the Cossack offered a mixture of affection and wildness which nothing can express; these two shades, so opposite, blended at this moment, and gave to this mute scene a character of originality which a skilful limner might produce, but of which the most minute recital would remain below reality. I contemplated this picture as an artist, but soon, involuntarily I listened with more interest to what they were saying around me; and when I left the room to give place to the physi-

cian, I felt as sad and as interested as Madame de Brémon.

A few minutes after, the doctor joined us: "Well!" exclaimed my friend; "what news? Is he not a little better?"

"Decidedly not; in a few days your guest will have left this world for a more quiet dwelling place. He is at the first and last event of his life. Ah! what will become of his mother?" continued the doctor, "they have just written to her at St. Petersburg, but it is doubtful whether she will arrive in time to see her poor George again, as amiable as he is beautiful. Dear Madame de Krudner! she will indeed have cause to weep. All the Russian officers who know her son, load him with proofs of affection, and Marcouf, his Cossack, never leaves him; but nothing can reanimate the sources of life; each dawn sees them wasting away."

"Oh!" exclaimed Madame de Brémon, "we have been unfortunate in receiving him here; it will break my heart!"

"Console yourself," replied the doctor, "by remembering that he might have fallen into less generous hands. Others might have seen in this amiable youth, striding so rapidly towards the tomb, nothing but a Russian."

“Alas! doctor, that was precisely the case with us the first few days, but by degrees this impression was effaced, and gave place to the most lively compassion. It was almost affection, which succeeded to our national antipathy, and we weep for our guest as for a friend.”

In fact, the tears stood in Madame de Brémon's eyes. The doctor took his leave, promising to return the next day. He had hardly gone before several Russian officers entered the *château*. They went to the young Baron de Krudner's apartment. Madame de Brémon, annoyed at the length of their visit, which might fatigue the invalid, sent to beg they would leave him to take some rest. At that moment they came to announce to her that an officer enveloped in a cloak, wished to speak to her. She desired he might be asked in; and Colonel Pressan, her brother, appeared before us. Faithful, unto the last moment, to the Emperor; he came from the army of the Loire, the fate of which was not yet finally determined on. The joy of Madame de Brémon was excessive, for her anxiety for her brother had been very great. Her first transport being a little calmed, he asked her if she could with safety give him an asylum for the present.

“You have interpreted my wishes, dear brother;

but for a few days keep quiet. You must have your meals in your own room, and I think these slight precautions will suffice. They speak of an amnesty being offered to the army of the Loire: each will then return to his own fireside."

"What generosity!" exclaimed M. de Pressan, with bitterness; "what! seriously you think they will be magnanimous enough to forgive us for having defended our country? I have heard some great politicians repeat more than once, that their power could not be tranquil till we were all shot, without any form of law."

"You are soured by adversity, dear brother, calm yourself. In a little time this tempest will be stilled, and we shall see happier days."

"I count not on them, but sister I will not afflict you with my sad presentiments—will you direct me to the apartment you destine for me?"

"It is the same as you usually have," replied she.

"What, are you not afraid of my being denounced?"

"Certainly not; you have never betrayed any one, not even glory, a mistress faithful in misfortune. I am sure of my servants; the comers and goers inspire me with less confidence, so you had better retire."

M. de Pressan after a few minutes, retired to his own apartment.—I went to dress for dinner.

A few days afterwards, the Colonel one morning entered his sister's room, and said to her, "Caroline, inform me who is that young man, so thin and pale, whom I met in the avenue of acacias? My dog Trilby ran familiarly towards him: the poor dying youth caressed him with affection; I wished to approach, but an odd figure, partly man, partly monkey, partly bear, stood in a contemplative attitude before this elegant phantom of a young man, a true type of the *beau idéal*. God forgive me! it was an angel, smiling before leaving this world, at the happy vanities which encumber it. What surprised me the most, was the affecting look of that strange physiognomy, fixed on the beautiful dying sylph, with an expression so singular: certainly that look belongs either to a devil or a Cossack."

"So it does," replied Madame de Brémon. "Poor Marcouf! nothing will console him for the loss of George de Krudner."

"What did you say, sister? that name is either Prussian, Austrian, or Russian."

"So it is, dear brother."

"How does it happen," replied the Colonel, "that

I find established here, like a child of the house, one of those cursed foreigners?"

"He is dying," said Madame de Brémon in a low voice, "and to me he has no longer a country."

"But what threw him in your way?"

"Chance: they were seeking for a pure air for him, in order to re-establish his health, and he was billeted on me. I might have met with a more troublesome guest, but not with one which will cause me more sorrow; for notwithstanding all our care, he is getting worse and worse every day, and we cannot but feel a real grief for him."

"Has he no relation to take care of him?"

"Alas! no; the staff of his corps in the army come to visit him regularly; he has only a mother living, unfortunate woman!"

"Do you know her?"

"Oh, no; but poor Marcouf has related George's history to me: his father, Baron Krudner, commanded a regiment, and wished to take his son with him to the army, but the young man, rendered delicate by having grown so fast, was not in a state to support the fatigues of war. His mother entreated, begged with clasped hands that he would leave her her only child; her prayers, her tears, were useless,

she was forced to resign herself to her fate, and her son came to France, fighting by the side of his father. The delight of wielding a sword animated George for some time, sufficiently to prevent him feeling the exhaustion of his strength. But Madame de Krudner's presentiment was soon verified; the father was killed at ****, and the son without receiving a single wound, has come to breathe his last near Paris. Not yet seventeen, his youth is consumed by a disease beyond the reach of art. Is he not sufficiently to be pitied without depriving him of the compassion which is so much his due?"

"He is fortunate in inspiring you with it."

"Well, let us go and see George: Adèle, will you come with us?"

I immediately arose, and we all three proceeded towards the avenue of acacias, where Marcouf had placed his dear invalid. At our approach he smiled. I shall never forget that passing moment in which the frail bark already touched the other shore; that lovely face, where, in spite of the shades of death, wandered some of the fugitive joys of youth, will never be effaced from my memory. A shade of hope still animated his large eyes, from whence, from time to time, were darted those expressive and

tender glances which seemed to implore the affection of every breathing thing. We all knew that but few more suns would rise for him, and our sorrowful and anxious looks ill corresponded to his. M. de Pressan whispered to me—"For heaven's sake, let us go; I am overpowered at the sight of this unfortunate child." He walked away, and we followed him, returning George's parting adieus.

For some time no visible alteration took place in the situation of the inhabitants of the *château*, excepting, perhaps, that M. de Pressan, being accustomed to see George and his Cossack every day, felt his compassion for the young baron increasing daily.

The window of my room opened in front of the avenue of acacias. Hidden behind the blind, to breathe the balmy air of the morning, I observed Marcouf sitting, as usual, at the end of the bench, which was covered with cushions and pillows, and where was reposing his dear invalid. The Cossack fixed upon George that anxious and piercing glance which resembles a faithful dog seeking, in the countenance of his master, the expression of a desire or wish—when a plaintive cry escaped from his broad chest; the colonel was at his side in an instant.

"What is the matter, Marcouf?"

"Ah! *gossoudar*,* master of mine, die! quick! let us carry him to the *château*."

And without calling for any other assistance, M. de Pressan immediately obeyed the voice of the Russian soldier, the sight of whose uniform had so much shocked his French heart. Useless haste! George no longer stood in need of their assistance.

The *chateau* became very dull; this sick youth had interested all hearts, and, in spite of one's self each had nourished some hope. But how can I give an idea of the heart-rending cries which succeeded to the mute grief of Marcouf.

The Russian general ordered the funeral to be conducted according to the custom of the baron's country. Two days after, the coffin was brought. I had never in all my life seen anything like it: instead of a bier like ours, it was a true *corbeille de mariage*, lined with pink and white satin. The body was carefully placed in it, in grand military costume, clothed in the uniform he wore on state occasions; the head and hands alone remained uncovered. They strewed this elegant couch with flowers, and then placed it in a leaden coffin. The officers of the staff came with crape on their arms to salute their

* *Gossoudar*, in the Russian language, signifies Sir.

young companion, and, as a proof of their attachment, gave a farewell kiss to his sub-lieutenant's epaulette.

During this ceremony, Marcouf remained immovable at the foot of the coffin; his eyes fixed on the ground, no longer expressed that deep anxiety which formerly told so well his affection and devotion. All hope had abandoned him: nothing remained for him but grief, to which he could perceive neither end nor remedy.

After some moments of silent meditation, we heard the rolling of the drums, and the procession with their arms reversed, began to march towards the eastern church-yard.

Madame de Brémon and I wept, weak creatures that we are, destined to regrets and tears, and whose hearts receive so quickly the least impression of sorrow. To our great surprise, M. de Pressan wept also: the next morning he did not come down to breakfast, the only repast at which he was accustomed to join us, indeed he did not make his appearance till two o'clock.

"Where have you been, brother?" exclaimed Madame de Brémon, "you look even sadder than we do. Ah! you have made me feel quite anxious."

"I have just," said he, "been fulfilling a pious

duty: I could not think of allowing George to appear before his Maker without receiving the eternal adieu of an old French soldier. I am come from the church-yard, where our poor young friend is not yet buried; his coffin is still open, they have raised a slight roof above it; he appears like a young bride reposing on satin and roses, or, rather like a traveller, who, tired with his journey, has fallen asleep in an arbour of flowers, dreaming of his hours of joy and love, which the future promises him. Ah! sister, you were right; how unfortunate for his poor mother to lose thus the consolation of her life, and the hope of her old age."

While saying these words, M. de Pressan kept his hand before his face: when he removed it, his eyes were red; my friend and I wept bitterly.

About two weeks after, St. Francis' day occurred, the fête of the master of the house. In spite of the painful remembrances of the preceding days, every one was hastening to congratulate M. de Brémon; when the servant came to tell Madame de Brémon, that some one wanted to speak to her.

"Who can it be?"

"It is Marcouf," replied the servant.

"Oh! I will go."

"No, no," replied M. de Brémon, from whom the

bitterest grief never forced a sigh. "Now ladies, you shall admire a Cossack of a rare species: during the two months he has remained her, no one has seen him pass the limits of the most austere sobriety. Poor Marcouf, he was our Russian officer's Cossack—that handsome Baron de Krudner."

"O yes! yes, ask him up," exclaimed all the ladies at once.

A few minutes after, Marcouf was introduced into the drawing room, and without even casting a glance on those faces which expressed so much benevolent curiosity, he threw himself on his knees before Madame de Brémon, and placing at her feet a coarse linen cloth, not of the purest white, he opened it in silence, and then said:

"Kind lady, for you is this little animal, who will love you always like Marcouf. Marcouf is going. He will love you afar off, but this little dog will love you when by your side. When you see him gay and merry, you say, that is like Marcouf, when he hoped to live always with M. George, but Marcouf will never more be gay and happy, except when he thinks of the kind lady who wept with him for M. George."

Thus concluded the harangue of the Cossack, for the rest was lost in his sobs, which he could not

restrain. Some of the spectators followed his example, and I think that even M. de Brémon regretted having caused this sorrowful burst of emotion.

Marcouf left the room: Madame de Brémon wished to induce him to remain at the château till the next day, but she could not succeed. To all her invitations, he only answered: "The regiment, the regiment."

His corps of the army returned to Russia. In vain M. de Pressan begged of him to accept some money; "No!" replied he, "I give the little dog—not sell it. Marcouf is poor; he bring all he possess here; but will only take away the remembrance of the kindness he has received."

M. A. W.

CONSUMPTION.

BY E. F.

“Consumption, silent cheater of the eye.”—H. KIRK WHITE.

I SAW her once—and in the calm expanse
Of her blue eye, there beamed a heaven of thought,
While gay hope seemed in one unmingled dance
To revel in the sunshine which it sought.
And as youth's hope elastic was her tread,
While beaming on all round a joy she seemed to
shed.

Again I saw her—but the hectic glow
Which mantled on her cheek—a sad tale told;
Consumption was at work—with sure though slow
Advance—encircling her within its folds.
Her eye in false deceitful lustre shone,
And oh! her fairy elasticity was gone!

But though thus languid was her faded frame,
Her mental energy was unimpaired;

Disease those intellects could never tame,
Though to consume her frame it thus had dared;
And still all silently her life passed on,
Though well might it be seen, that that was almost
gone.

Weeks—months rolled on—I saw her not again;
But there are those who viewed the dismal scene
Of life and body parting—yet no pain
Invaded her—but with a smile serene,
From this most chequered life she passed away,
As doth the shadow, when the sun withdraws its ray.

THE LILY OF THE VALLEY.

White bud! that in meek beauty so dost lean,
Thy cloistered cheek as pale as moonlit snow,
Thou seem'st beneath thy huge, high leaf of green,
An eremite beneath the mountain's brow.

White bud! thou'rt emblem of a lovetide thing—
The broken spirit, that its anguish bears
To silent shades, and there sits offering
To heaven the holy fragrance of its tears.

JUSTINE.

A FRENCH TALE.

It was on a pedestrian tour through the southern provinces of France, that I was one evening surprised by the approach of darkness, while yet uncertain as to the distance of the village where I purposed to sleep, or, indeed, whether I might not have strayed from the path I had been directed to pursue. Not the beautiful tints that yet lingered in the golden west, nor the delicious fragrance that breathed around me, could wholly dispel that vague feeling of uneasiness which pervades the mind on being overtaken by night in a strange and lonely spot. It was a relief, therefore, to hear at no great distance behind, a French air whistled in tones that seemed to spring from a light and jocund heart; and I gladly awaited the approach of the traveller—a fine martial-looking youth in soldier's habiliments, with a knapsack strapped at his back—who doffed his cap on perceiving me, saluting me at the same time with

the frank and free air of his nation. In reply to my inquiries, he informed me, that he was bound to the village of which I was in quest; "but had it been otherwise," continued he, "I should have felt it as much a duty as a pleasure to have guided a gentleman and a stranger."

"Yet I had been loath," I replied, "to trespass on the time of one who is probably returning home after a long absence."

"Nearly three years," said he; "but my campaigns are now ended, and it is my present hope to find happiness in the bosom of my native village."

"Meaning, of course, that which we are now approaching?"

"No," he answered, "not exactly—my home lies a league to the right. Monsieur would probably remember a path that turned aside through a thick grove of limes."

"I recollect it well," I replied; "for I was near going astray at that very point, the road looked so inviting;—but how is it you have passed your proper way? if on my account, a simple direction——"

"No;" he returned, laughing and hesitating a little—"home was dear, and parents were dear; but yet I have a strange desire to see ——"

"One dearer yet!—You are an enviable fellow,"

I exclaimed, "whom so much happiness awaits, while I may be well content to gain the shelter of an auberge sorry enough perhaps."

"Sorry! no, no—I would challenge all France to produce so delightful an auberge as that to which I am conducting you: the old woman is the best and kindest of creatures, and for Justine"—he paused and wiped his brow.

"Well, for Justine?" said I.

"She is just the loveliest and dearest girl that ever beamed goodness from a bright eye! In short, Monsieur, for why should I hide a feeling of which I am proud, Justine is that one person whom I long to see."

"A betrothed mistress, I suppose?"

"No! she was too young when I joined the army—scarcely fifteen! and I—what had I to offer but an honest heart? and though I loved her better than life, as I might never have returned, you know, it had been ungenerous to betray her into a promise that she would have repented, perhaps, after I was gone!"

"Very just and honourable," I observed.

"Hark, Monsieur!" he exclaimed, "they are dancing—some gala-day—a wedding, perhaps!" He paused and attempted to laugh, but did not suc-

ceed. "Hush! it is all over now—all over! What am I saying? it may, indeed, be over!"

"Let us at least proceed," said I, seeing him stand mute and motionless.

"Monsieur is right—it were well to know the worst at once. Oh that we had been half an hour sooner!"

A few minutes now brought us to the hamlet, beautifully and pastorally situated by the side of a rapid stream, whose murmuring harmonized sweetly with the stillness and serenity of the hour. A few minutes more, and we were at the door of the auberge.

"Excuse me, Monsieur?" said Henri, pressing on my arm with a hand that trembled with emotion—"who knows what may have happened! I have a strange fancy to look in at the window. Ha! there sits Justine herself—her dark hair braided with flowers—she cannot"—(he paused for breath)—"she cannot be a bride; yet that wreath looks like a bridal coronal! No, no—it is not so—she weeps—oh! that I might kiss away those tears!—and besides, there is no man in the cottage, after all—only the good old woman hanging over her. Monsieur had better proceed."

We entered the cottage, where our arrival seemed

to work an immediate change. If Justine had been weeping, her tears were fled. Henri was welcomed with enthusiasm as an old and valued friend; and both mother and daughter were instantly active and solicitous in the service of a stranger and a traveller. Justine in particular, in spite of her holiday array, bestirred herself to spread forth a supper, from which, however, she fled with precipitation on the hinted fears of Henri as to her marriage; and I even thought I perceived a convulsive shudder run through her frame.

"Do not say that again," cried the old woman, pressing his hand, "it cuts my poor Justine to the heart!"

"Plague on my tongue!" exclaimed Henri, "I would not wound her feelings for the world."

"I know it, my dear boy, and therefore I will tell you all; and why should I mind, Monsieur—we who are innocent of wrong have nothing to conceal:—the truth then is, that Arnaud—you remember Arnaud, Henri?"

"Ay, ay," returned the soldier impatiently, "for no good though!"

"Well, it was about last fall that he began to notice Justine, and from that he grew more particular, till at last——"

"Mother, say not that Justine loves him, for he—he never loved any but himself, and though he be wealthy——"

"Alack! wealthy he is not, for his vineyards were all blighted," said the old woman; "but Justine looked not for wealth."

"And if she looked for worth, she found it not," cried Henri indignantly.

"It is but too true," replied the dame; "Justine read not in his beaming eyes a mean and selfish heart! She listened and believed—and—this should have been her wedding-day:—hush, hush, Henri, let her not hear you!—Justine, my love, you will find the freshest grapes at the end of the garden. But men's vows," continued the old woman, "are like the wind; and Arnaud was wedded this morning to a richer girl—yet oh, for worth, there is none like my poor child!"

"The villain!" exclaimed Henri involuntarily, assuming a menacing gesture.

"Alas!" cried the mother, on whom this action was not lost—"the One who sees all, punishes and rewards; and oh, that he had looked on my darling this day, never complaining even by a look, but with her own sweet hands decking the hair of the bride, ay, and this very evening dancing on the

green when her heart was like to break? But oh, when it was all ended, and they were gone to their home—that cottage, Monsieur, by the stream—you may see it now by the light of the moon, with the alders trembling round it—then, then her heart sunk! But the sight of an old friend,” turning to Henri, “and even the pleasure of preparing our humble supper for a stranger may do much, and Heaven will give the rest!”

The old woman’s tears fell fast as she spoke; but Henri, overpowered by the suddenness and variety of his emotions, was scarcely sad, though silent. At this moment Justine returned, so pale, yet serene, that but for what I had heard, I should have imputed her sweet gravity to a natural sedateness alone. But for Henri the board was spread in vain. He started up.

“You will not leave us to-night!” said the widow.

“I have not yet seen my parents! Farewell, mother—farewell, dear Justine!”

She turned not away from his offered salute; she even pressed his hand; but it was a sisterly pressure only, in which no warmer feeling had place. I saw by his countenance that he was aware of this, and that it added wings to the speed with which he left the cottage.

My repast ended, I retired to a small but exquisitely neat chamber on the ground floor of the cottage, the window of which looked towards the river. But sleep, like a false friend, fled me at my greatest need! My mind, excited by the unmerited misfortunes of one whom I had seen but to admire, held me as though spell-bound to the lattice, the view from whence of the beautiful valley sleeping in the pale moonlight, was far more attractive than a slumberless couch. In this contemplative mood time stole away unnoted, when I was startled by hearing the door of the auberge gently opened, and some one issue forth. I looked anxiously from the casement: it was Justine herself, gliding like a spirit towards that stream on which I had been gazing. Good Heaven! what could be her purpose! Was it possible that the story of her undeserved abandonment had wrought in her fevered brain a vision of self-destruction? The thought was horrible! Without a moment's hesitation I sprang through the window, and holding my course in shadow, tracked her steps towards the cottage of Arnaud.

It stood on the very margin of the river. The situation, the hour, her look of deep abstraction, as meditating, perchance, on the fatal plunge—all appeared to strengthen my fearful conjecture; and I

had advanced unperceived so near as to stretch forth my arm, in the intensity of my feelings, to arrest her seeming purpose. But how had my suspicions wronged this noble-minded, this incomparable girl! At the moment when my heart fluttered at her every motion, I beheld her sink on her knees, and, clasping her white hands in the attitude of supplication, lift her sweet eyes to Heaven, as if to invoke a blessing on that union which had marred her fairest hopes. I saw her lips move; and though the accents reached me not, the intelligence, the expression of that angel countenance could not be mistaken. It was a study for a painter, if indeed the art of man could depict the traits of Heaven.

I was lost in admiration, in wonder, when a loud shriek from the auberge dispersed the lovely vision. With the swiftness of a lapwing Justine fled back to the house, while I, more cautious in my speed, regained my apartment by the window unperceived. It was the poor widow, who, awaking and missing her daughter, had raised that wild cry of dread, almost of despair. A few words from Justine seemed to tranquillize the feelings of the agonized mother. They mingled their tears awhile, and then, I will hope, slept; if not, their grief at least was silent.

I rose early in the morning, but Justine had been long up, and busied in her domestic affairs, serene and tranquil as though not a breeze had ruffled the calm current of her peaceful mind. To have attempted counsel or consolation would have been to insult the feelings of one whose own heart was her best and surest monitor. After partaking, therefore, of a breakfast, the grapes for which I found had cost Justine a long ramble, I departed on my way, well content to leave her to the guidance of her own purity and the protecting love of one of the most affectionate of parents.

Circumstances led me, at the close of autumn, to retrace part of my former route: and an unabated interest in the fortunes of Justine attracted my steps once more to the little auberge, which through every after-scene had still been present to my memory. I was received with the grateful smiles that seldom fail, among these simple-minded people, to repay any expression of attachment on the part of a stranger. Justine was still pale; but the recovered cheerfulness and animation of the old woman seemed to indicate reviving hope and expectation. Had I doubted this, it had been soon confirmed.

It was evening when I arrived, and I was yet conversing with Justine, when my old friend Henri

entered the cottage. His fine manly features were bright with health and good humour; and whether it was that Justine was gratified by his delighted recognition of the traveller whom he had guided, a smile also stole over her beautiful countenance. But it was something more. The worth of the young soldier was slowly but secretly effacing the impression of a misplaced attachment.

"Poor Arnaud!" exclaimed Henri.

"What of him?" cried the old woman.

"Oh, nothing new, save that his grapes are sour, and his shrew of a wife sourer still. He is the veriest slave that lives!"

"He ever was," said the dame, "a slave to his own greedy desire of gain; for that he has sold what nothing can replace—the peace of his own heart! Oh, my son, learn from this to be content with——"

"Justine and love!" exclaimed the youth; "but that were impossible! Content is too cold a word for such surpassing bliss!"

Justine blushed, and looked as if she would have frowned, but knew not how; and a stray glance of her eye seemed to augur well not only for the happiness of my friend Henri, but, I will hope also, for the peace of her own pure heart.

I was not deceived; they were soon after united; the vices of Arnaud becoming thus the unconscious means of rewarding the virtues of Henri and Justine.

THE TRANQUIL MIND.

The seas are quiet when the winds are o'er,
So calm are we when passions are no more!
For then we know how vain it was to boast
Of fleeting things, so certain to be lost.

Clouds of affection from our younger eyes
Conceal that emptiness which age describes:
The soul's dark cottage, battered and decayed,
Lets in new lights through chinks that time has
made.

Stronger by weakness, wiser men become,
As they draw near to their eternal home:
Leaving the old, both worlds at once they view,
That stand upon the threshold of the new.

WALLER.

JULIA.

BY MRS. C. H. W. ESLING.

THOU sittest in a queenly state of regal grandeur
now,

A diadem of flashing gems above thy marble brow;
The downy pillow seems less soft, than thy white
rounded arms,

And all that wealth and power can give, enhancing
beauty's charms.

But what are wealth and power to thee? for, woman
as thou art,

Thou'dst barter all thy gaud, thy gold, for one pure
faithful heart,

And not on glittering coronets, nor far spread lordly
halls,

Reflecting back a thousand lights, thy dark eye softly
falls.





Not upon those who lowly kneel, as to a thing divine,
Pouring the incense of their praise in homage at
thy shrine,

Wooring from out that casket fair a jewel bright and
rare,

Which pales the proudest treasures Golconda's
riches bear.

Thou know'st how empty is it all—how vain to look
for bliss,

Upon the shining heaps of gold, that form a scene
like this;

Thou knowest well how pomp and power—and even
regal state

Must bow, as bows the feeble reed, before the winds
of fate.

Yes—gentle Julia, thou hast learn'd the mighty
strength that dwells

Unseen, amid the secret depths of thy heart's inmost
cells;

Hast learn'd that woman's earnest love o'er-mastereth
wealth and pride,

And stronger ties than golden bonds, a long endu-
rance bide.

How richer than thy coffers, fill'd with treasures
vast and bright,
Is the glad ray within thy soul, of never dying light;
How dearer one quick leaping pulse, than all the
sparkling gems
Of diamond brilliancy that gleams in courtly dia-
dems.

Yes, Lady—by those smiling eyes, one voice's gentle
word,
Hath fallen like music on thy heart, and all its
pulses stirr'd;
'Tis that which makes thee scorn the wealth that
blest thy favour'd lot,
For what were all its gifts to thee—if that dear voice
were not.

Fair Lady Julia, conscious pride sits throned in thy
breast,
But not the arrogance of will, that mars, but makes
not rest;
Thine is the pure unsullied glow—the fond pride of
the dove,
That glories in heaven's gift of power—thus holily
to love.

THE WEDDING-DAY.

BY MRS. HUGHS.

ON a beautiful morning in the early part of the month of June, an English traveller, who had only a few weeks before landed at New York, was pursuing his course along the banks of the Lycoming creek, that winds with so much beauty through the county of that name. After riding for two or three hours at an easy pace, sometimes adhering to the banks of the stream, and at others fording its waters to strike more into the interior of the country, he at length brought his horse to a full stop, and making a complete circuit with his eyes, he gazed with rapture on the luxuriant beauties that presented themselves to his view. He had gone many miles without having seen any trace of the hand of man, though the rich lands which in many places bordered the creek, seemed to offer every inducement to the adventurous settler; at the same time that the bold rocks and towering mountains, that in other parts

met the eye, promised a rich treat to the admirers of the sublime and beautiful. So little advance, however, had civilization made, that the roads, for the distance of many miles, had been nearly impassable, and had often afforded matter of curious speculation to one accustomed to the well paved roads of England, how it was possible for a carriage of any description to make its way over the immense stones that seemed often to have been placed on purpose to obstruct the progress of the adventurous traveller. "How rich! how grand! how beautiful is this country!" he exclaimed, as his eye wandered over hill and dale, mountain and stream. "How kind and bountiful has nature been! Surely a land so favoured must be intended for some high destiny. And what indeed may not be expected from a country so abundantly supplied with wood and water, rich soil and valuable minerals; and where the freedom of her government and the liberality of her institutions open the paths of riches and honour to the humblest of her inhabitants." As he was thus musing, he scarcely noticed that the road had for some time led him away from the creek, and that he had arrived at the entrance of a wood. It was not long, however, before he emerged from it again, and began to descend an easy gradual slope which would

round the side of a hill, and very soon brought him again within sight of the beautiful Lycoming. But what was his astonishment, when another turn of the road brought him at once upon a scene of the most luxuriant and cultivated beauty, a perfect paradise. On the top of a piece of rising ground, which ascended with a gentle slope covered with smooth shaven grass, stood a well-finished modern mansion, the residence, evidently, of cultivation and taste. It was one of those neat frame buildings, which they know so well how to erect in this country, but which had been finished off with even more attention to elegance and comfort than usual. It was defended at the back by the woody eminence that our traveller had just descended, and guarded on each side by two immense horse-chestnuts, which appeared to have stood sentinels since the time when the deer and the buffalo wandered undisturbed except by the chase of the wild Indian; and which were now covered with their brilliant spikes of white blossoms. The immediate front was adorned with patches of flower-beds; and well stocked with a variety of flowering shrubs and plants, while a smooth and well-rolled gravel-walk led from the gate of a neat white paling that enclosed a private hedge; not as we

so often see in a formal straight line, but with an oval sweep forming in its course the division between the flower garden, and the slope that we have before mentioned. Impelled by an irresistible curiosity to see something of the inmates of this fairy spot, the Englishman alighted from his horse, and fastening it to a tree, he determined to make the business of inquiring the road, and the distance from Williamsport an excuse for entering the house; he proceeded along the walk, with a slow and noiseless step, as if afraid by the sound of his feet to disturb the sanctity of the Sunday stillness which prevailed. On reaching the steps of the piazza, a female voice of the most exquisite sweetness met his ear, and on listening a few minutes, he found the person from whom it proceeded was reading the sublime and beautiful sermon of our Saviour on the mount. So fascinated was he with the harmonious sounds, that it was some time before he thought of getting a sight of the person of the reader; but at length a desire to see as well as hear induced him to ascend the steps of the piazza, when a scene of indescribable beauty and interest met his view. The reader was a young girl apparently between seventeen and eighteen, rather tall, but of the most symmetrical proportions, and with a

regularity of feature and brilliancy of complexion that could only be exceeded by the sweetness and intelligence of her countenance. By her side, and listening with the most devout attention, sat an old lady, clothed in the close plain widow's dress usually worn in England. A beautiful little girl, apparently about six years of age, stood beside the old lady, whose left hand lay over her shoulder, as she stood leaning against her aged relative with all the tenderness of confiding childhood, while her right hand clasped that of the lovely little creature as it lay on her lap. The traveller tried to discover by their countenances the degrees of consanguinity, if any existed, of the various parties; and had not a moment's hesitation in deciding that the old lady's arm enfolded a beloved grandchild, for the resemblance between the two faces was as strong as it was possible for it to be between childhood and age. Whether the reader was another granddaughter or not he could not determine, nor whether the two younger ones were sisters, for he could see no likeness to lead him to such a conclusion. But whether united by the ties of blood or not, it was very evident that there was a sympathy amongst the whole which formed a bond perhaps stronger than that of relationship itself. After having stood for a consider-

able time drinking in the sweet tones of the beautiful reader, the Englishman began to think that he would feel himself in rather an awkward predicament if caught in the act of listening even to so general a subject as a sermon of his who came to teach the whole human race; yet being unwilling to disturb so sweet a community, he began to move away as noiselessly as he had advanced, and determined to go round to the other side of the house, and try to find a servant or some one more disengaged, of whom he could make the necessary inquiries, when, on turning the corner of the house, he was met full in the face by a gentleman, who, he immediately felt assured, was the master of the mansion. They each gave a momentary start at this sudden rencontre; the traveller, however, immediately re-collecting himself, began to explain his business; but scarcely had uttered half a dozen words, when he was interrupted by the other, who exclaimed, "Is it possible? Yes! it must be; I cannot be mistaken! My dear Pemberton! what unlooked for happiness!"

"I am indeed Pemberton," returned the Englishman; "but who is it that thus recognizes me in a foreign land?"

"And do you really not know me? am I then so

much altered, that you cannot recognize an old friend?"

"If Edward Beaumont had been alive, I should"—

"He is alive, my dear fellow, and most heartily glad to see you," interrupted the master of the mansion, as he shook his friend heartily by the hand.

"But why did you doubt my being in existence? had you heard anything to the contrary?"

"Yes," replied the traveller, while he returned his friend's shake of the hand with all the cordiality that it was given; "I was told about five years ago that you had died of a malignant fever."

"There was a mistake in the person," returned the master of the house with a deep sigh; "but come," he added in a more cheerful tone, and as he spoke, he led the way to a seat under one of the large chestnut trees, "let us sit down here awhile and gratify each other's curiosity a little before I take you into the house to introduce you to my family."

"I know a little more of that already than you imagine," said Mr. Pemberton, smiling, "for I have been feasting my eyes and ears for the last ten minutes at least—till I began to fear that I was in danger of turning heathen, and worshiping a created deity, though certainly not of wood or stone. Is

that lovely creature that I saw just now, and whose musical voice almost transfixed me, your daughter, Beaumont?"

"Not exactly," returned the master of the house, "though something very like it. But I will satisfy you more fully on that point by and by; but first let me hear something of yourself, and what brought you to this country; and more especially to this place."

"The pure love of travelling did the first," returned his friend, "and the merest accident the other. You know I was in the East when you left England, and on my return, I tried in vain to find any clue to assist me in finding you out, till a few years ago, when I was told, as I have already mentioned, that you were dead. Finding that by coming to this country I had no longer any chance of discovering you, I gave up the idea of visiting it as I had almost determined upon doing, when I seemed to be urged by an irresistible impulse to come to America; and when here, I determined, as the best way of making myself acquainted with the country, to take a horse and travel at my leisure wherever fancy might direct me. I believe my ultimate object was Niagara, but by what course I reached it was indifferent to me, since I could not go anywhere that was not

new and interesting. Having got a sight of this Lycoming Creek, I was so much pleased with its wild beauties that I determined to pursue it as far as I could conveniently do so, and thus you see 'Heaven directed I came this day' to the spot of all others I should have most desired to reach had I known that it contained my earliest and dearest friend. And now," continued Mr. Pemberton, "having given you my little history, may I beg to know what account you have to give of yourself since we parted so many years ago on the banks of the Tyne?"

"My history may be given in almost as few words as your own," returned his host, "though marked with a few more incidents, to myself, at least, highly interesting. As I had been married sometime before you left England, and you had frequently seen my beloved Anna, I need not attempt to describe either her beauty or her excellences, though none who did not know her as I did could form an idea of the extent either of her worth, or of my happiness in the possession of such a treasure. The first interruption to our enjoyment (and that was only a slight one) arose from my having been deprived of the chief part of my fortune by a brother, as he was always called, of my wife's, though he was in reality

nò relation to her; for he was only connected with the family by being the son of a former wife of her father's. As her father was as much a sufferer from his extravagance as myself, our prospects on both sides were much curtailed, and, in consequence, I thought it right to come here to look after some land which had been left me several years before by a distant relative; but which the affluence in which I had hitherto lived had made me careless about. My Anna, though grieved to leave her father and mother, did not hesitate to accompany me, and we accordingly came here with our only child Frederick, whom you perhaps remember, and who was then about three years old. In our way to the part of the state where my lands lay, we happened to come through this valley, and even to this very spot, and were both so delighted with it, that we almost immediately determined to return and settle here; and finding that the land on which we now are, might be purchased for a sum within the limits of my finances, I soon became its owner, and found myself here a wealthy landlord with the fortune which in England had appeared a mere pittance. It was a constant source of interest and occupation to improve and beautify a spot for which nature had already done so much, and make it as

much as possible like what we had been accustomed to at home."

"And you certainly have been most successful in your endeavours," interrupted the traveller, "for when I first turned my eyes on the spot, I almost asked myself if I had not been overtaken by sleep, and was dreaming of being at the other side of the Atlantic."

"It was all my dear Anna's doing," returned his friend. "The house was built under her directions, the grounds laid out by her taste; and there is scarcely a shrub or flower now growing that was not planted by her hand. In addition to all this, she watched with a mother's tenderness over her boy, and his then infant companion, Caroline ——; but by the bye, I forgot that I have not yet accounted to you for his having this companion, which only forms another trait in the character that I so much delight to delineate. Having occasion the second year after we were here to go to New York on business, my wife and child accompanied me, for we never thought of separating; when, by one of those accidents such as that which brought you here this morning, Anna discovered the brother who had so much injured her, extended on a deathbed of poverty and misery. As might be expected, she soothed his

last moments with all the tenderness of a sister, and especially smoothed his passage to the tomb by promising to be a mother to his infant daughter, her own mother having died a few months before, I believe, of a broken heart."

"And that beautiful young creature that I saw and listened to with so much delight a short time ago, is that little helpless infant?" said Mr. Pemberton, interrupting his friend.

"You are right," replied his host, "and if benevolence ever secured its own reward, it did so in this instance; for in the child that Anna then took to her bosom, she secured to herself an object of pleasing interest during its years of childhood; a devoted attendant on herself in her last sickness; a mother to the infant child that she left behind her at her death; and a dutiful and affectionate daughter to her own aged mother, who came over to us immediately after the death of her husband, and who got here only just in time to close the eyes of the daughter, in whose arms she had come to die."

"And I believe," said the Englishman, anxious to divert the mind of his friend, whose quivering lip and faltering voice betrayed but too plainly the agitation which these recollections excited; "I think I can venture to add another to the offices of love

which this beautiful creature is destined to perform, and say that she likewise secured a devoted and affectionate wife for her son."

"They are most fondly attached to each other," replied Mr. Beaumont; "and will, I hope, one day make each other happy; but I fear," he added with a deep sigh, "the day is a very distant one, and they will have much to struggle through before it arrives."

"How can that be?" asked Mr. Pemberton. "You seem to be placed in this paradise beyond the reach of misfortunes, except such as are the common lot of humanity; and to anticipate such for them, while in the very spring-time of youth, and health and strength, would bespeak a morbid state of solicitude and anxiety."

A smile, amounting to an expression of agony, passed over Mr. Beaumont's face as he said, "Ah! my friend, how little you can judge from present appearances! Little indeed would any one imagine from present appearances, that a serpent has crept into this fair garden of Eden, and is about to discharge his venom and destroy its hapless inhabitants."

"What does this mean? You speak in parables my friend; let me beg of you to use more explicit language."

"It is a painful story, and one that is too long to be entered upon at present, when it is high time that I should introduce you to my mother and children; who will hardly, I fear, forgive me for being so long in making them personally acquainted with one whose name and character is already familiar to them."

"But I cannot bear to go," remonstrated his friend, "while I know that a trouble is lurking in your heart, without at least offering my sympathy, if I can do no more."

"You shall hear it all another time; but at present I would not have your brow clouded, but would have you look as happy as the sight of you will make those to whom I am about to introduce you."

"I shall not merely *look* happy at becoming acquainted with the interesting group that I saw just now," added the traveller as he followed his friend to the house. He found, as he approached and examined the mansion more particularly, that the apartment into which he had before glanced was a sort of hall or very wide entry, which having the advantage of a large door at each end, and a window at one side, admitted of so free a circulation of air that in the warm weather it was used by the family as the general sitting room; and here the old lady still

remained, though her young companions had both left her. The news of a stranger, and evidently an Englishman, being in close conference with the master of the family had soon been spread, and a general curiosity was excited. All further reading was suspended, and the little Ella, now released from all restraint, had given many peeps round the corner of the house at the stranger, and after having returned several times to describe to her grandmamma his dress and appearance, had set out in search of her brother, who, accompanied by a favourite dog had gone to ramble through the woods, till Caroline should be released from her duties to his aged relative. Caroline, in the meantime, had proceeded to her own chamber to catch occasional glances at the stranger from an end window that overlooked the place where the friends had so long been seated.

"This is really, as I said before, a complete Paradise, Beaumont," said his friend as he ascended the steps of the piazza and looked around him.

"What wonder," replied the master of the mansion, at the door of which they now stopped, "that it should look like a Paradise; when it was planned and ornamented by a being of an angelic nature. And I hope," he continued, again shaking his friend

cordially by the hand, "you will not find that English hospitality is a stranger within, even though the presiding goddess is an American. But here let me first introduce you to my mother, and then I will go in search of the little gipsy." Mr. Pemberton, as may easily be imagined, was received with cordiality by the old lady, who had scarcely time, however, to express her pleasure at seeing a countryman, when Mr. Beaumont, who had left the room as the introduction had taken place, returned accompanied by Caroline. "I knew it could be no one but Mr. Pemberton," said the lovely girl, giving her hand with graceful frankness to the stranger as he was presented to her, while her beautiful hazel eyes beamed with a mixture of sensibility and delight. "I was sure I had listened to a description of Mr. Pemberton too often, not to know him when I saw him."

"This young lady, you must know," said Mr. Beaumont, turning with a smile to his friend, "has been pretending to be even more of a witch than she really is, for she has been insisting to me that she knew who you were when she saw us sitting under the tree together."

"Well, you know, uncle, I asked you directly if that was your friend Mr. Pemberton."

"I believe I must be obliged to introduce myself," said Frederick, who now entered accompanied by the little Ella, "for my father, when Caroline is by, is apt to forget that there is any one else in the world."

"As ye judge, so shall ye be judged," returned the stranger, smiling, and at the same time taking the young man's proffered hand. "With those features very little introduction is necessary; and had any one happened to whisper the name of Beaumont in my ear, I believe I should anywhere have proved as good a diviner as this young lady herself; and have ventured to accost you as the son of one whose features are very strongly imprinted on my mind."

"If Frederick's face recalls that fair image to your recollection, what must this do?" interrupted the master of the family, as he led forward the little girl that had formed one of the interesting trio he had so much admired.

"The infant image of my lovely friend," cried the traveller, taking the child in his arms and kissing her affectionately. "But I forget that I am a much greater stranger to you than you are to me," he added, observing that the child appeared uncomfortable at his familiarity and putting her down as he spoke; "but I hope it will not be long before we

are better friends." The child, the moment she was released, flew to the side of her grandmother, and as soon as she felt herself encircled by her protecting arm she ventured to look up to the face of the stranger, with a smile that seemed to say she knew he was her father's friend.

A general conversation now ensued, and was supported with little interruption, except what the business of the dinner and supper table produced, till the evening shades began to draw around, and the moon rising in full majesty gave a softer but not less interesting appearance to the surrounding scene. Little Ella was now taken up stairs by her grand-mamma, who was in the habit of conversing with her half an hour before she retired to rest for the night; Caroline was drawn out by Frederick to take a stroll through the grounds and enjoy the beautiful variety of light and shade which the moonbeams, intercepted here and there by the intervening trees, threw over both land and water; and the two friends were left sitting on the piazza by themselves. There is no time, perhaps, in which the soul flows with so much freedom, and with so few obstructions from the opposing barriers of pride, suspicion, jealousy, or native reserve, as when the pale moon, gliding along an unclouded sky, affords sufficient

light to make the variations of the countenance visible, yet throws such an indistinctness over the more distant objects as to infuse a sort of double certainty into the bosom of the speaker, that what is then imparted is committed to that breast only for which it is designed. In the full glare of day the very trees, rocks and streams appear to listen, and in the gloom of total darkness we seek in vain for that assurance of sympathy that the language of the countenance alone can give; but under the soft beams of the moon the soul steals forth almost without design, and meeting the encouraging glance of friendship, hesitates not to lay itself open to that single being who seems to be isolated from all the world beside. Such was the sacred influence that infused itself into the minds of the friends as they sat watching the pale luminary of the night playing her beams over the water that appeared, from the piazza, to form, by the sudden bend which it took, a smooth lake reposing at the foot of the majestic mountain, whose image it reflected with such softened beauty, that it seemed determined to win it from its frowning dignity by the influence of its own charms.

“How extremely beautiful this scene is!” ex-

claimed the traveller, as he looked around him. "What a delightful stillness prevails over everything; one would almost imagine that worldly cares could never enter here."

"And yet some of the most painful moments of my existence," replied the master of the little domain, "have been spent within its precincts; and I have often gazed upon this landscape when care and anxiety have made me as insensible to its beauties as if I had stood alone on a trackless waste. Nay, even now," he continued with a deep, long drawn sigh, "though everything seems so peaceful and happy, we are even at this moment torn by the most intense anxiety."

"You gave some hint of this kind in the morning," said Mr. Pemberton, "and promised then to explain the mystery, for mystery it must indeed be which unites misery and this place so closely together; or which makes the master of this fairy spot and the father of such a family speak with so much despondency."

"But what would you think of his situation who was in daily expectation of having this world of his own creation, these lands, on which he has spent so much labour and money to bring them to the perfec-

tion in which you now see them, torn from him by a lawless grasp, and his whole family cast destitute upon the world?"

"But how can this be?" inquired his friend. "You said you had purchased the land; how then can it be wrested from you? Are not the laws in this country sufficient to protect the property of its inhabitants?"

"You shall hear," said Mr. Beaumont, making an effort as if determined to keep his feelings under restraint. "You shall know all, and then you will be able to judge whether misery and I are so little connected as you imagined.

"Amongst the various settlers that have come to this neighbourhood since I first planted myself here, though many have proved valuable additions to our society, it is not to be supposed that all would be such as we would wish to have near us. One, more especially, however, a mean, vulgar, low minded attorney, who had resided in some obscure town in England, and had, I doubt not, made himself obnoxious there, was drawn hither by the death of his uncle, to whom he was one of the heirs. The uncle, to a share of whose property this man succeeded, was the person of whom I bought this estate; and as I, in my eagerness to become possessed of the land,

gave him, I believe, almost three times its value, he used to be in the habit of saying that the selling of his land was the making of himself. This man's death, which occurred about two years ago, introduced a wasp amongst us, which we at first hoped we would soon be able to drive out; but which has proved so malignantly venomous, that he will soon succeed in driving us all away, and will then hold sole possession of the hive himself."

"But I must again ask how this is possible," interrupted the Englishman. "How can it be that so insignificant a being can have power to drive you from a place to which you are bound by so many tender, nay sacred ties?"

"It is a law in this state," said Mr. Beaumont, "that when a man disposes of an estate, his wife, if he have one, as well as himself, must sign the title deeds. This little formality, however, at the time that I made the purchase was neglected, and though the wife died a very short time after I came into possession of the property, this defect in the title has been seized on by this unprincipled attorney as a means of dispossessing me of my property. The first suit that he brought against me was decided in my favour, in consequence of his not being able to produce the certificate of the marriage of the uncle

and aunt, but a second has since been instituted, and the decision of the court may be daily expected."

"Oh! it is impossible that the law can have so little regard to equity as to give judgment against you," remonstrated the Englishman; "but even if that should be the case, a mind so base, a heart so dead to all the finer feelings of his nature, cannot be insensible to the influence of gold, and by that, should other means fail, we can still assail him. My dear Beaumont," he continued, with all the warmth and energy of an enthusiastic nature, "I am rich, and have no one on earth who has any very near claim to what I possess; I will therefore secure your right to this paradise, and by so doing, I shall feel that I have done much towards securing another for myself."

"My dear fellow," returned the master of the house, in a tone that bespoke none of the hope with which his friend was inspired, "you know not the man with whom we have to deal. Had he been merely actuated by a love of money, I should not have despaired, even with my own moderate means, of being able to satisfy him. But offended pride, rankling jealousy, and fell revenge, all pant for gratification. He had the presumption to make proposals to Caroline that of course were rejected, in

addition to which he found that Frederick, whom he had wished to draw into marrying a cousin of his, one of the heirs to the uncle's property, was in possession of the affections which he had so much desired to gain. Besides these circumstances, either of which was sufficient to breed hatred and revenge in such a mind as his, I, when I heard of his having aspired to Caroline's hand, called him a presumptuous coxcomb, which some friendly neighbour was so good as to repeat to him. You see, therefore, my kind and generous friend, it is vain to hope that even money can purchase him. Feelings like his can only be satisfied by the destruction of the prey he is hunting down."

"Oh! you know not the weight of the arguments that I can advance," said Mr. Pemberton with a smile, which, however, was only forced over his features to hide the expression of doubt and apprehension that had seized his mind. "It shall be my business to go to him to-morrow, and I shall, I hope, soon convince him that this insignificant piece of ground is unworthy of his consideration."

Mr. Beaumont shook his head. "He is too well acquainted with the value we set on it to be induced by any consideration to give it up, if the law will grant it to him. He knows, though he is certainly

incapable of appreciating the feeling, that it is not because the land is rich and fertile, or because the scenery is beautiful, for places equally gifted in both these respects might be procured elsewhere; but it is because the whole is the work of her hand who now sleeps beneath its sod, and that the idea of leaving the spot which contains her ashes is worse than death itself."

"Oh! do not distress yourself with these painful anticipations, my dear friend," interrupted Mr. Pemberton, in a tone of great sympathy for feelings which the faltering voice of his friend but too strongly expressed; "I have no doubt that with such a mind as his, even hatred and revenge will give way before the powerful tempter that I can hold out to him." As the friendly comforter uttered these words, the conversation was interrupted by the return of Frederick and Caroline from their ramble, and the family shortly after retired to their respective apartments. Not the beautifully neat room, however, into which Mr. Pemberton was shown by his friendly host, the comfortable bed, nor the softened light and refreshing air that was admitted through the green Venetian shutters, had power to win sleep to the eyes of the traveller. His unexpected and almost miraculous meeting with his old friend; the interest which

the whole family had excited, and above all the painful circumstances in which he found his friend placed, had produced so high a state of excitement, that sleep was completely banished from his pillow, and after tossing and tumbling about all night, he rose almost as soon as it was light, with the intention of taking a long walk; but on going into one of the parlours, in which he remembered having left his hat the preceding night, he was astonished, and even startled, to find it already occupied by most of the inmates of the family; for Mr. Beaumont was pacing the room with hurried steps, evidently in a state of great agitation; while his son sat with his arm encircling the waist of the weeping Caroline, whose head rested on her arm, as it lay over the end of the sofa.

"Come in, my dear fellow," said the master of the house, as his friend, after opening the door, stood hesitating whether or not he ought to enter. "Come in and give us at least the consolation of your sympathy;" and, as he spoke, he took up an open letter which lay on the table, and held it out to the traveller. "This letter," he continued, "has been brought express from the villain of whom I spoke to you last night; and this poor girl," added he, pointing to Caroline, "was unfortunately roused by the servant,

to whom the letter was delivered, for the purpose of consulting her on the propriety of awakening me to receive it. The disturbance awoke this little one, too, so that they are both unfortunately here, to witness this first announcement of the agitating subject of this letter. I should have been glad to spare them a little longer, but it was not in my power."

"Oh! do not talk of sparing me," cried Caroline. "Oh! that I only might be the sufferer; for it is I who have brought ruin upon you all;" and again the poor girl burst into a fresh agony of grief.

"Do not talk of ruin, dearest Caroline," remonstrated Frederick, in a tender and half suppressed tone. "We still possess health, strength, cultivated minds, and hearts devoted to each other. Of these he cannot deprive us, and with these, in a country open as this is to industry and talent, we surely need not talk of ruin."

"Oh! no," said Mr. Pemberton, speaking in a tone of assumed cheerfulness; "there is, indeed, no occasion to talk of ruin. I feel persuaded that I shall be able to purchase this estate of its new owners, and then, my sweet girl, you shall make amends for all the mischief you have done by restoring it again to its rightful possessor. But let us see," continued he,

“what this worthy has to say for himself;” and, so saying, he read the following:—

“*To Frederick Beaumont, Esq.*

“SIR:—I write this to inform you that the laws of the county have acknowledged my right, together with that of my cousin, Miss Sophonisba Club, to the estate which you now hold, and that it is my intention to meet the said Miss Sophonisba Club at Woodside, on Monday morning next, about twelve o'clock, A. M., for the purpose of taking possession of our lawful property. Yours, Sir, respectfully,

“JEREMIAH CLUB.”

“The scoundrel!” exclaimed Mr. Pemberton, indignantly, as he threw down the letter, but as he turned round again he was startled at seeing a man standing at the parlour door, with a broad grin on his face.

“What do you want here, sir?” he asked, in an angry tone.

“I’se the gentleman what brought that there letter,” replied the man, with a look of great effrontery, “and I wants to know if the man I brought it to has any answer to send back, as I’m a going to start right away, for I’ve to meet Jeremiah by nine o’clock.”

"Where are you to meet him?" asked the Englishman, eagerly.

"At his cousin's as keeps the tavern, six miles this side of Williamsport."

"Conduct me to him," said the traveller, "and I will reward you handsomely;" and as he spoke, he left the room to order his horse, and as the man followed him, well pleased with the prospect of the promised recompense, they set off the moment the horse was equipped, without returning to the parlour, where Mr. Pemberton was fearful of being assailed by the objections of his friend to his purposed attack upon the cupidity of the unprincipled attorney. "It is a vain attempt," said Mr. Beaumont, speaking in an undertone as if to himself, as he saw his friend ride off under the guidance of Club's emissary, "however, it may be a gratification to his feelings to make it." Then, turning to the still weeping Caroline, whose side Frederick had never left, he took her hand; "My dear girl," he said, in the tenderest accent, "we shall all look to you for much of our support and comfort in this hour of trial; for our sakes, therefore, as well as for your own, let me beg of you to rouse yourself from this unavailing sorrow. My mother has evidently not heard anything of what has been going forward, and I would

wish if possible to keep her in ignorance, at least till she is away from this place, that she may be spared the agony of leaving it with the knowledge that she is no more to return to the spot sanctified by the ashes of her beloved child. Go now, my child," he added, "that Ella and you may have rest for an hour or two, for you have need of it, and then I will order the carriage, and you and my mother and Ella shall go over to our friends, the Percivals, where Frederick and I will join you; and when there, it will be time enough for my poor mother to know the melancholy truth."

As soon as Caroline entered her chamber, she threw herself on her bed, and burst into a flood of tears, which, from the copiousness of the flow, might have been the first that the distressing news of the morning had called forth. "Dear! dear Woodside," she exclaimed, in a voice almost choked with agitation; "must I indeed leave you! Shall I never again see a spot so dear, so sacred! Oh! it is too bad," she added, starting up in agony at the thought, and rushing to the window. "Oh! it is too bad," she repeated, withdrawing her eyes from the beautiful scene that lay out before her view, and bursting into a fresh flood of tears. "And oh!" she cried, clasping her hands in all the bitterness of despair, as the

thought seemed for the first time to occur to her, "must that tomb too, either be left to be trampled upon by unhallowed feet, or removed from the spot which, in her last moments of consciousness, she selected as her place of rest? My poor, poor uncle! Who shall comfort you under such a trial? Who will be able to pour balm into so cruel a wound? Yes!" she added, recollecting herself and drying her eyes as she spoke, "I will comfort you! Frederick will comfort you; even the little Ella shall be taught to pour words of comfort into your aching bosom. My mother! my far more than mother, my preserver! my instructor! my guardian angel! the children that you took so much pains to train up to virtue, will prove themselves not unworthy of your watchful care; and will show that they can not only love, but imitate your noble example." Invigorated and cheered by these virtuous resolutions, the lovely girl dressed herself with more than her usual care, though with perfect simplicity, and hastened into the breakfast parlour, expecting at least to find Frederick and his father there, and prepared to strengthen them by her example. The room, however, was vacant, and as no appearance of breakfast was yet to be seen, she proceeded to the garden, invited by the balmy freshness of the air. Scarcely

conscious whither she went, she proceeded to a large weeping willow, which stood in a corner of the garden, and waved its light graceful branches over a plain but elegantly neat white marble tomb. On this she seated herself, after having first pulled up a few light weeds which had ventured, even since the preceding evening, to raise their heads above the ground, repeating, as she did so, in a soft whisper, from Gifford's exquisite verses—

“And who, when I from hence must stray,
Will duly to her grave repair,
And pluck the rugged moss away,
And weeds that have no business there?”

“And who, with pious hands, shall bring
The flowers she cherished, snow-drops cold,
And violets that unheeded spring,
To scatter o'er her sacred mould?”

But she had scarcely given expression to these words, when she observed a servant hurrying towards her, with a countenance which bespoke some new cause of distress. “Oh! Miss Caroline,” cried the girl, as Caroline hastened to meet her, “here is Sophy Club and her mother come to take posses-

sion, and they say that Jerry will soon be here to meet them. What's to be done? I'm so frightened your uncle will see them."

"I will go to them, and try to keep them out of his way," said Caroline. "And Ella," added she, addressing the child who had followed the servant, "go to grandmamma, and endeavour to keep her engaged in her own room. You know you can do it, if you try." Saying this, she hastened towards the house, but before she reached it, she was met by the mother and daughter, who were gazing about as they walked, as if taking a survey of their new domain. "Good morning, Caroline!" said Miss Sophonisba, coming forward to meet the trembling girl. "You see we are come sooner than the time mentioned; but mother, poor woman, was so impatient to see all about the place, that there was no keeping her from coming just to take a peep, as she said; and as she is so ignorant about politeness and proper behaviour, I could not think of leaving her come by herself. But I don't wish to be seen by your uncle so soon, for he would think I was in too great a hurry to take possession of my new dignities."

"If you feel any reluctance to be seen," replied

Caroline, making a severe struggle to speak with composure, and thankful to find so good an excuse for taking them out of the way, "you can go into my chamber, where you will be sure not to meet any one whom you may not wish to see."

"Well! that's uncommon kind of you, I'm sure. And then you know, mother, that will give you an opportunity of having a look at the inside of the house, as you were a saying you wanted so bad to go in."

"But I ha'n't half seen about the outside yet," returned the mother: "I ha'n't gone to the stables, nor to the chicken-yard, nor to none of them there places."

"Oh! mother, how can you be so vulgar as to want to go to such places. You must excuse her, Caroline, for she has not had the advantages of *education* that you and me has had."

"You may think it vulgar to talk about chickens and turkeys, and all them sort of things, but I guess you would not find it so very vulgar to eat them; and for my part when I'm fairly settled here, I'll have a large lot taken off this here garden, and make it a place for pigs and ducks and geese, and all them things, instead of its lying useless as it is now. It

will be an elegant place for them, for they can just go down the bank and swim in the run whenever they please."

"The sun is becoming uncomfortably warm," said Caroline, who now began to be in an agony of alarm, lest her uncle should encounter this woman, and hear her talk of her projected improvements; "and I would advise you to go into the house at present, and wait till it is cooler before you visit the poultry yard, which is at a considerable distance from the house, for my uncle has always been very much afraid of having the chickens near the garden, lest they should injure the flowers."

"Well, for my part, there is no flower half so lovely as a fine young chicken, or a good fat rooster," returned the old lady, "and it's a fine thing for them to have the liberty of scratching about a garden and picking up grubs and worms. But if you want to fatten a turkey, the best thing in the world is——"

"La! mother," cried Sophonisba, interrupting her mother before she had given her recipe; "how can you talk in that fashion? you should consider, that though such things might be well enough for you to talk about formerly, they are not proper subjects for one of the owners of Woodside."

"Caroline," said Ella, coming timidly and whispering, "papa is asking for you, and has sent me to seek for you."

"Tell him I will be with him in a minute or two," said Caroline; and then turning to Mrs. Club, she said, "if you will go with me, I will show you what a convenient kitchen we have, and how the servants can go up and down stairs without going up the front staircase." This was a fortunate idea, and by means of it, the amiable girl, whose affections had made her quite a skilful politician, succeeded in getting the mother and daughter into her chamber, where, begging them to be seated, she apologized for having to leave them a few minutes, and then hastened to her uncle. "My child," said Mr. Beaumont, as Caroline approached him, "it is time for you to get ready. My mother and Ella have breakfasted in her room; for as she knows that Mr. Pemberton went out very early, she concluded we all breakfasted together before he went. I have told her that I wish you and Ella and her, to ride over to Mr. Percival's, and she is dressing for the purpose. I have ordered the carriage to be at the door by eleven, so you have not very much time for preparing Ella and yourself."

"I shall take care to be ready in time, uncle," said

Caroline, hastening up stairs again to look after the strangers, but scarcely had she entered her room, when a scuffling, and the sound of angry voices was heard from below, and immediately after, Ella came running up stairs, "Oh! Caroline," cried she, almost breathless with alarm, "Frederick is horsewhipping a gentleman that just got off his horse at the front gate."

"You must surely be mistaken, my dear," said Caroline, "for I do not think Frederick is at home. I have not seen him since the morning."

"Oh yes! indeed he is, he has been hiding himself behind the privet hedge almost all the morning. I saw him there, but he desired me not to tell papa or you where he was; and as soon as that gentleman came, he rushed out and began to horsewhip him." Caroline now flew down stairs, followed by Sophonisba and her mother, and preceded by Ella, who led the way to the scene of combat; and as they drew near, Club, almost bursting with rage, was heard to exclaim, "I am glad of it! Very glad indeed! The law shall be my avenger: and this assault, sir, shall be paid for, if it be with the last cent you have in the world."

"It is worth while to give my last cent for the

pleasure of chastising a scoundrel," replied Frederick, coolly. "This is a poor revenge," said Mr. Beaumont, coming up and looking at his son with displeasure; "and is only putting yourself on a level with those you despise. I find now why you have kept yourself out of the way all the morning; but go now and assist your grandmother and her companions into the carriage, which I see is at the door, that we may all be out of the house before these people enter it." Frederick immediately drew Caroline's arm within his, and taking Ella by the hand, proceeded with them to the house, leaving the others to follow at their leisure. When he reached the vehicle, he opened the door, and was about to let down the steps, when his hand was arrested by a loud cry of "Stop! Stop!" and looking round to see from whom it proceeded, he observed Mr. Pember-ton galloping as fast as his horse could go, towards them. "Do not send them away," said he, throwing himself off the foaming animal as he spoke, "till I have had some conversation with Club." Without saying any more, and even without stopping to speak to Mr. Beaumont, who was hastening towards him, he went up to the attorney. "You will have the goodness, sir," said the traveller, accosting the man

of law in an authoritative tone of voice, "to let me see the certificate of your uncle's marriage, to which you owe the success of your suit."

"What right have you to make such a demand?" asked the new master of Woodside.

"If I have not the right, I will prove to you, at least, that I have the power to enforce compliance; and, therefore, if you will not do it quietly," he added, holding up his cane in a menacing attitude, "I will oblige you to do it."

"Hold! hold!" cried the trembling attorney, whose skin still smarted with the blows he had already received, "You shall have it if you will only be quiet; but you look so fierce, you are enough to frighten a man." Then taking a dirty red leather pocket-book out of his pocket, he drew from it a dirty greasy piece of paper which he unfolded and held up to the Englishman's view.

"I must have it in my own hand," said Mr. Pemberton.

"But how am I to be sure that you will give it me again?" asked Club.

"That you must run the risk of," replied his companion, "so give it me, I say, at once;" and as he spoke, he again assumed a menacing posture. Club put the paper into Mr. Pemberton's hand, and stood in

trembling anxiety as he examined it. "Now this is better than I had even dared to hope," said the traveller, turning to his friend and Frederick, who had been drawn to his side by the extraordinary manner of his accosting the attorney. "I insisted upon seeing this document, in consequence of having learned from my guide this morning, that some suspicions had been entertained of this fellow's uncle ever having been married—and I was therefore determined to learn by whom the certificate had been given, and go, if it were to Siberia, to ascertain the validity of the document. But there is no need of taking a very long journey, for see this paper which is dated 1783, and has been soiled, and tumbled, and worn so as to make it look quite as ancient as its date, bears in its wire marks the date of 1833. And now, sir," he added, turning to the pale and trembling attorney, "begone this instant from these grounds, or you shall not be permitted to go at all, but shall be put under arrest to answer for the crimes of which you have been guilty."

Shaking with fear, yet still muttering between his teeth vows of vengeance, Club hastened to his horse, while Sophonisba screamed after him, "Uncle Jerry, you surely ar'n't a going and leaving us here!" But without taking any notice of her cries, her incensed

relative mounted his steed and rode off. "And so here we are left among people that I dare say would delight in destroying us, as is very natural, after the usage they have received," she added.

"On the contrary," said Mr. Beaumont, though scarcely yet recovered from the astonishment into which he had been thrown, by this sudden change in his affairs, "let me beg that you will make use of this carriage to convey you wherever you wish to go."

"And allow me to hand you into it, Madam," said Frederick, leaving Caroline's side, and taking the hand of the old lady. "Well I declare," said she, as she seated herself, and while her daughter was placing herself by her side; "I'm not at all sorry that things have turned out this way, for I must say I thought it wasn't at all a clever thing to turn people away from a place they had made so elegant, with such splendid kitchens, and all them there sort of things." Then, as she bent forward, nodding a very cordial good-day, the carriage drove off.

"And now, what am I to say to you, my friend," said the master of Woodside, holding out his hand to the traveller as he spoke.

"Nothing," returned the other, as he shook the hand that was offered to him, with great cordiality,

“except that you will advise these two young people to crown this happy event with another, that will confirm their own happiness for life; and the money which I have so unexpectedly saved this morning shall serve as a marriage portion for my adopted daughter, if she will permit me so to call her.” Caroline, though her cheeks were covered with blushes, raised her eyes to the face of her new friend with one of those radiant smiles, which, coming from the heart, find their way at once to the heart again; while Frederick, who was again by her side, whispered something, which, though it heightened her blushes, did not destroy the happy expression of her countenance. At this moment, Ella, who, the moment she saw things had taken a happier turn, had flown to give her grandmamma as clear an account as she could of the whole affair, now came forward, leading her aged relative, who only seemed to live for the child of her lost daughter. “My dear mother,” said the husband of that daughter; “I can now say with confidence that we will spend our lives at Woodside; and when they are finished, we will lie down by the side of the angel who is awaiting us. Oh! how often the words,

‘I wish I were, where Anna lies,’

burst from me this morning, but now I will endeavour to wait with patience till the time shall come."

"Yes! my son," said the good old lady, "you have yet many duties to perform. Only take care to fulfil them as if she were still here to counsel and advise, and you will indeed lie down in peace when the appointed hour shall arrive."

"Come! come!" interrupted the traveller, "we have no time for standing, moralizing here, for I, who for once will claim the right of being master of the ceremonies, am determined that this shall be a Wedding-Day."

RELIGION.

Holy source of purest pleasure,
Bliss that never knows alloy!
Be thy precepts all our treasure,
And thy practice all our joy.

Lead us through this vale of sorrow,
Safely to the darksome tomb;
There an everlasting morrow,
Dawning, shall dispel the gloom.

PAST AND PRESENT.

IN earlier days, in happier hours,
I watch'd and wander'd with the sun:

I saw him when the east was red,
I saw him when the day was dead,
And all his earthly journey done!
Looks of love were in the west,
But on he pass'd and took no rest!

O'er the immeasurable blue,
Across the rain, amidst the blast,
His course unchanging, like a god,
Onward through trackless air he rode,
Scattering bounties as he pass'd
By the portals of the west,
And never clos'd his eyes in rest!

Oh! how—in those too happy hours—
How deeply then did I adore
The bright unwearied sleepless sun,
And wish'd—just so *my* course to run;

From sea to sea, from shore to shore,
My deeds thus good, thus known, thus bright,
Thus undisturb'd by rest or night.

But now—since I have heard and seen
The many cares that trouble life,
 The evil that requiteth good,
 The benefits not understood,
Unfilial, unpaternal strife,
The hate, the lie, the bitter jest,
I feel how sweet are night and rest.

And oh! what morning ever look'd
So lovely as the quiet eve,
 When low and fragrant winds arise
 And draw the curtains of the skies,
And gentle songs of summer weave;
Such as between the alders creep,
And mildly soothe my soul to sleep?

THE SPRING.

YE have found the wealth of the gushing spring,
Where the verdant branches meet,
And your simple vases have freely fill'd
With its sparkling waters sweet.

While watching, perchance, at the cottage door,
Your mother exults to see
Her beautiful ones returning home,
With their innocent smile of glee.

And when the heat of the noon is high,
Your father, amid his care,
Will rest on the top of his shining spade,
And bless the draught ye bear.

But ye are drinking of childhood's spring,
Whose bubbling waters clear,
Have never a poisonous weed to sting,
Or a dreg of guilt and fear.



The Spring.



Have ye heard of a spring that doth never fail,
 'Mid the summer's parching heat—
Which winter hath never had power to seal,
 Or to staunch with his icy feet?

Have ye heard of a fount that can cleanse the soul,
 And peace to the lost restore?
Go, seek for it now, in the dawn of life,
 And taste it, and thirst no more.

L. H. S.

Hartford, Conn.

THE LOVER'S LEAP.

MANY years ago, during the reign of the Emperor Charles V, a noble gentleman, Count Antonio Fregoso, was governor of the city of Verona in Italy. The Count was a widower with one daughter, whom he passionately loved, and so entirely trusted, that, yet a girl of seventeen, she enjoyed the most perfect liberty and control over her own actions. She was beautiful, with dark, full eyes, and a fair cheek which yet glowed with the roseate hue of health and happiness. Single offspring of the rich Fregoso, she had many lovers, yet among them there were none whom she esteemed as truly loving her, but rather suspected the whole crowd to be moved only by the desire of possessing the richest heiress in Italy. Such ideas endowed her with a strange mixture of pride and humility; she disdained a mercenary band who paid the lowly services of love for the sake of her wealth and rank; and she felt that her heart contained a treasure of affection, unexpended yet, but which she would gladly bestow on

one of whose disinterested love she could feel secure. While she haughtily turned away from her many suitors, she was humbled in her own eyes by the belief that her individual merit had failed to attract one truly loving heart.

A young French knight had lately been added to her train of admirers. The Chevalier Montreville was of a noble but impoverished family, and beholding the object of his passionate idolatry surrounded and vainly courted by the chiefest nobles of her native land, he shrank into himself, fearing to share the disdain he found to be the portion of all who spoke to Ippolita the language of love. The proud girl, herself yet unaware of the cause, marked his appearance in her cortege with pleasure, and watched his movements with something like anxiety. His clear blue eyes seemed incapable of expressing any thing but truth—his voice had persuasion in its tone; how was it that that voice alone had never expressed love for her? The question was too soon answered. A moonlight festival—a momentary division from all others—an unwonted gentleness in the lovely Italian's manners, made Montreville forget his prudence and his fears. A word, a pressure of the hand—how were they answered? Ippolita had respected his silence—she replied contemptuously; nay, the

unexplained internal conflict of her feelings made her answer even angrily: she commanded his absence, and his future silence on so displeasing and barren a subject.

Some weeks after, Ippolita and many of her companions of either sex were riding on the banks of the Adige. Montreville was there; he had not dared infringe the orders of his lady, nor urge again his suit; yet he did not despair. Nay, in spite of his disappointment, he felt sustained by his own integrity, and showed no sign of depression. He fancied that he loves me, thought Ippolita—no, I am wrong; he does not even imagine such a sentiment; his conduct is dictated by the basest motives, and he has not the art of even casting a veil over them:—she turned her eyes contemptuously on him: yet could any vile feeling lurk in so frank a countenance? She felt the blood glow in her cheek. How prove to herself whether the love he pretended were true or feigned?

The conversation turned on the subject of love. Many of her suitors spoke with enthusiasm on the subject, wishing to gain thus the confidence of Ippolita; but she turned all their high-flown expressions into ridicule, and, with unaccustomed bitterness, forgot her usual courtesy in her tauntings. Montre-

ville listened silently. Impatient of this show of coldness, she turned suddenly towards him, asking—"And what does our French visitant say to our Italian eloquence? 'Words, and not deeds,' are a lover's motto; think you not so, Chevalier?"

Montreville's countenance lighted up with a glow of pleasure at this address:—"Since," he cried, "you, Madam, deign to permit me to speak on the subject of love, I shall not, I trust, be found a worse pleader than these gentlemen for its sacred cause." Then he entered on a description and a defence of the passion, so glowing, so fervent, and so sincere, that while his bright eyes flashed fire, and his cheek burned with enthusiasm, the lids of Ippolita's dark orbs half veiled them, and the blush of confusion stained her cheek. He had described the adoration of the lover for his mistress—he descanted on his tenderness—then he spoke of his devotion, his readiness to sacrifice his life for her smile:—towards the end of his harangue, Ippolita somewhat recovered herself; and when he paused, as if concluding, she turned to him with a smile of mockery, saying, "Fine expressions these, Chevalier, and they the more confirm my saying, 'words, not deeds.' For my part, I never saw any of these furious fire-eating lovers who really ever burned and were consumed.

Sigh, they may—and lament, and strive to weep; but when a test should be made—the fire goes out, and—oh miracle!—the fuel remains unconsumed!”

“Madam,” replied Montreville, “that I love you I have confessed, and you have not deigned to believe me, nor will you open your eyes to the burning affection that consumes me. If for a moment you could become aware of the feeling that devours me, your goodness would lead you to pity me. Since by your permission I now speak, may I not say that a fire possesses my heart, which not all the waters of the Adige, that flows beneath the bridge we are now crossing, could even allay, far less extinguish?”

“Nay, the trial has not yet been made,” said the proud girl, with a scornful laugh; piqued at being thus challenged to believe, and acknowledge her belief in the existence of a passion whose existence she had denied:—she continued, “the time is opportune—the waters flow icy cold at your feet, yet not colder than your heart; will you not prove their power over it?”

It was nearly the end of the month of October; the change of season was already severely felt, and the north wind that blew added to the cold. When the lover heard this proud and cruel girl invite him to

throw himself into the water, hurried away by youthful and rash passion, and blinded by his ardent desire of proving his truth, he replied fervently—"Most ready am I to obey you—most happy to find a way of proving my sincerity." Then, without pause, dashing his spurs into his horse's sides, he forced the noble barb he rode to leap from the bridge into the swift and foaming river. The Adige is very deep, and rapid, and difficult of navigation, especially near the bridges, on account of the gulfs and whirlpools; and now, on account of recent rains, it was swollen and tempestuous. The horse, weighed down by the burthen of his rider, sank at once to the bottom, and then, like a ball which rebounds from the ground on which it has been flung, he rose again to the surface, with the youth still in the saddle. Then he began, with pant and strain, to breast the water transversely towards the shore, guided by Montreville; and, gaining somewhat on the current, he drew near the banks. The youth, who still kept his seat, turning his head towards his proud mistress, cried with a loud voice, "Behold, lady of my heart, behold, I am in the midst of the waters! yet bathed as I am by their icy waves, I feel no cold; and feeling them all around me, they in no way allay the fever of my love, but the rather my true heart burns

with a purer and steadier flame in despite of their chilling influence."

His companions, who were still on the bridge, remained astonished and frightened, and overcome by the sight presented to them by the courageous and undaunted Montreville, they stood as if senseless, speechless, and wonder-stricken. The youth, who gazed more intently on the beautiful Ippolita than on the course of his horse, reached the banks of the river, but in a place where a high wall rose immediately at its edge, so that he was unable to land. He was obliged therefore to direct his horse towards a spot where the sloping bank promised a safe exit from the river. Desiring to turn his horse with the rein, spurring him at the same time, the water, striking his sides violently as he turned, and rushing between his legs, threw him over, so that the ardent Montreville, notwithstanding all his exertions, lost his stirrups and his seat, but still keeping hold of the rein, thus leading his horse, he came again to the surface of the water. At this frightful and pitiable spectacle, all the persons assembled on the bridge and on the banks began to cry aloud for help. Montreville did not lose his presence of mind, yet as soon as he rose on the water, he became aware of the peril of his situation; so, loosening and cast-

ing from him his cloak, he quitted his horse's rein, leaving him to guide himself instinctively to a place of safety, he addressed himself for swimming, and though his dress was cumbrous, and his heavy sword was belted to his side, yet he strove gallantly with his watery enemy. There were no boats near, nor was there any person who would risk his life by endeavouring to aid him; but all who beheld him assisted him only by their cries. The women, weeping and trembling for fear, stood overcome by terror, watching the event of this rash and perilous enterprise. The proud Ippolita, who before had never given credit to the existence of so true a passion, softened by so horrible and fearful an event, and deeply compassionating her hapless lover, bathed in tears, cried aloud for help, and passionately entreated the standers-by to go to his assistance; but, as I have said, no one dared make an attempt to save him, which would have put their own lives in similar peril to the one he encountered. Montreville was an excellent swimmer, and had been accustomed to such hardy and even dangerous pastime; so that when he saw his dear mistress weeping bitterly, and demonstrating by her manner her fears on his account, he held himself entirely and overpaid for all that he had risked; and such delight filled his heart,

that his strength increasing with his joy, the idea of danger was entirely forgotten. So, swimming with undaunted heart, and dexterously cutting through the opposing waves, each moment he gained on his enemy, and approached a feasible landing-place; and though impeded by his heavy garments, and weighed down by his sword, yet he contrived to cast from him the waters, and so to conquer their effect, that he reached the sloping bank, and, getting on land, hastened in safety towards the spot where his lady and her companions were. His horse, following in his master's wake, also gained the landing-place, and was led away by the Chevalier's servants.

Love and truth the while achieved a complete victory. Ippolita felt her whole heart dissolve in pity and compassion for her lover, so that to have saved him from the waves she would most willingly have put her own life in similar peril; but knowing no means whereby to assist him, she called aloud for help, weeping the while and frantically wringing her hands. When Montreville had landed, wet as he was, he respectfully approached the lovely girl, saying, "I am returned, dearest lady, such as you behold, my heart still burning with unconquerable love—devoted in life and death to your service."

Ippolita was surrounded by the flower of the

Italian nobility; she stood bright in loveliness, power, and youth; but pride was extinguished in her bosom: thus as he stood—the waters dripping from his garments—his hair shedding a thousand dew-drops—his cheek, which had glowed with enthusiasm, now became ashy pale from his over-exertion—thus, as he humbly and gently presented himself before her, she cast herself into his arms, exclaiming, “Love, you have conquered!—Montreville, you have won me—I am yours for ever!”

THE STORM AT SEA.

MORN rose, in all her loveliness,
 Upon the ocean's proud abyss;
 Along whose far-expanded brow
 The rippling wave flowed soft and slow,
 And to the shore came murmuring,
 Like voice of zephyr-breeze in spring;
 The joyful sea-fowl, poised on high,
 Were floating through the ambient sky,
 The realm of lucid light:
 Sure, Nature kept some holiday—
 She rose so beautifully gay,
 From out the arms of Night.

I saw, along that smooth sea-tide,
 A fleet of gallant vessels glide;
 And each spread out her snowy sail,
 To woo the incense-breathing gale.
 As you may see, on summer-even,
 The fleecy clouds arraying heaven,

All slowly moving to the west;
So, spangled was old ocean's breast
 With many a gallant crew:
And now, from forth his radiant throne,
Dazzling the deep, the Day-star shone
 With beams of brightest hue.

That morn was welcomed by the noise
Of many a sweetly singing voice.
For, naught but dance, and naught but song,
And peals of joy, were heard among
Those happy crews: one would have thought,
They with the deep a truce had bought,
That his dark-heaving billows' roar
Should ne'er perplex their voyage more.

But, all is change below:
A storm may blight the fairest day;
Sorrow may seize upon the gay;
 Despair, young hope o'erthrow.

I heard a lamentable cry—
I gazed around—the storm was high.
The lightning, from his cloud of fear,
Rushed on through heaven with wild career;
Roused by the whirlwind's baleful shock,
Enraged the rattling thunders spoke;

With stately darkness round him flung,
Each hostile storm his war-note sung—

They rose right suddenly;
From slumber of profound repose,
Woke ancient ocean into throes
Of very agony.

Is it a miracle? for, lo!

The ocean smooths his troubled brow;
His paths, again, are calm and green;
No vapour dims heaven's blue serene:
So swift the warring powers have driven
Their cloud-wrought chariots down the heaven.
Again, the sea-fowl, poised on high,
Are floating through the ambient sky,

The realm of lucid light:
Sure, Nature keeps some holiday—
She comes so beautifully gay
From out the tempest-night.

The ocean's billows are at rest—
But, no proud navy stems his breast:
Nor snowy sail, nor swan-like prow,
Rides on the soothed waters now.
The gallant vessels, every one,
Have to the rocky bottom gone:

The gallant seamen sleep,
On an oozy couch, on a coral pillow,
Where the sea-weed waves its arms like a willow,
Far down the hoary deep.

STANZAS.

I never cast a flower away,
The gift of one who cared for me,
A little flower—a faded flower—
But it was done reluctantly.

I never look'd a last adieu
To things familiar, but my heart
Shrank with a feeling almost pain,
E'en from their lifelessness to part.

I never spoke the word Farewell!
But with an utterance faint and broken;
A heart-sick yearning for the time
When it should never more be spoken.

MISS BOWLES.

THE DEAD CHILD.

DEATH has been here, but night and day
The tearful mother still is keeping
Her solitary watch for aye,
By him who cannot hear her weeping.

She has forgot the parting sigh,
That seem'd to burst his heaving bosom;
The shade that came o'er cheek and eye,
Like evening o'er the rose's blossom;

For hark! she prays with upward look,
That heaven may heal her child again;
She reads, aloud, his story-book,
And weeps that it is all in vain.

Nor would you marvel, had you seen
The calm sweet smile for ever welling,
As 'twere from out a soul serene,
Where thoughts of happiness were dwelling,

How the lone mother of the boy
Should half forget, when he was lying,
Like cherub in his smileless joy,
That she so late had seen him dying.

I pass'd his grave but yesterday,
And emblem flowers were on it springing—
Lilies and roses—and her lay,
The linnet, from the trees, was singing.

SATURDAY EVENING.

Thy sacred Sabbath, Lord, draws near,
Inspire each heart with holy fear:
Oh! may we spend with thee the day,
And with the Spirit sing and pray!

Thy quick'ning pow'r O may we feel!
The wand'ring seek, the wounded heal,
Convince the sinner, and restore
Immortal souls to rove no more!

THE PAGE

FAITHFUL TO DEATH.

LEWIS, Duke of Leignitz, was in his youth fond of travel; and his desire being earnest to visit strange countries and become acquainted with foreign nations, no sooner was he his own master, than he hastened to set forth. In the progress of his journeys, he touched at every part of Europe, and even went so far as the torrid Asia. This young nobleman was attacked—whether through fatigue, heat, or contagion—by a violent illness, which seized him at the tomb of Mahomet—that being a curiosity he had long coveted to see. During the violence of his malady, he was faithfully and affectionately attended by Charles of Chila, his chamberlain; who, though an aged man, never failed, either in the night watch, or the day's duty. He was ever by his master's bedside, and soon had the happiness to see him recover from the effects of the struggle between death and life. But the true-hearted servant drew

his own death from his lord's safety: he was smitten with the same disease, and received from the Duke attentions almost as assiduous and anxious as those he had bestowed: but they had not the same fortunate result. The chamberlain died; but, before the breath left his body, he commended earnestly to his master's protection, his grandson, a tender boy, then far distant at School, whose father fell at the blockade of Cottbus, by the side of the Duke of Sagen; and whose mother did not survive her husband more than half a year. The Duke bound himself to the dying man, by a solemn oath, to provide for the now destitute child—exclaiming “so may God grant my last hour to be as serene as thine!” “He is the last branch of our race,” uttered the chamberlain feebly, his voice being almost extinguished by death; “receive him from me as a solemn legacy; he is virtuous and affectionate, and will exercise towards you, and your family, the fidelity that has ever distinguished his ancestors.” A few moments afterwards, the Duke had to weep the loss of his most zealous friend and devoted follower.

Duke Lewis, being smitten with melancholy, hastened back to Europe, for his travels no longer seemed to relish of pleasure. He made his entry

on his domains amidst the rejoicings of his vassals—and if the pride of rank and power swelled in his breast as he heard their shouts, and saw their antic manifestations of delight, he felt the warmth of kindness towards these, his dependents, accompanying the swelling of his spirit—for sojourning amongst strangers, and encountering hazards, had humanized his disposition; and long absence had hindered him from waxing, by usage, callous to the wretchedness and wrongs of his inferiors—as the best natures at that time too commonly were.

Nor did he forget his promise to the dying chamberlain: one of his courtiers was soon despatched to fetch to his palace the young Chila, whom he appointed to be one of his pages.—Henry, the grandson of Charles of Chila, was now seventeen; his shape tall and slender; his face fine and manly; his mind richly accomplished, and his manners trained to elegance by the graceful exercises of chivalry. He played on the lute, and accompanied its soft tones with a melodious voice. He became his master's favourite; the ornament of the ducal court; the most gallant of the princely retinue, when his lord pursued the wolf or the bear, or gave tournaments, at which the knights might distinguish them-

selves amongst their companions, and touch the hearts of their mistresses by gratifying their female pride.

It was about the Easter of the year 1412, that a messenger presented himself from the Emperor Sigismund, inviting Duke Lewis to repair to the imperial court; the sovereign having in view to bestow a signal mark of his favour on the Prince, his vassal. And precious, indeed, was the boon!—no less than the hand of the Emperor's niece, the princess Etha of Hungary, a beauty then shining in all the splendour of youthful charms.

Brilliant were the festivities at the marriage: but Henry, the Duke's page, was more stricken by the charms of his new mistress, than by the grandeur of the imperial court. The lady soon behaved towards the graceful youth with that affectionate familiarity of which her lord set her the example;—and in so doing she gave a proof of the goodness of her disposition, and of her devotion to her husband:—but was it not the page's misfortune to be so distinguished?—Too surely it was; for there grew up in his heart a violent passion, which he bitterly wept over in secret and blushed for in public, dreading its discovery as the signal of his ignominy and utter ruin. Yet, in the midst of this agony of remorse,

the hopelessness of his love was a torture felt by him above all the rest; and this he owned to himself and deplored, for thus he knew that the crime would be more tolerable to him if it were not bootless—a knowledge that made him accuse himself of ingratitude and treachery toward his excellent master. And, thus torn and worked upon in spirit, the consternation of the poor youth showed itself visibly in his altered appearance, so that none could fail to perceive how heavy a load of secret grief was borne by this once gay and happy, now most miserable, page.

The Duke and the Duchess were both incessant in their importunities to be told the cause of their favourite's melancholy. "Dost thou covet the well-trained falcon, which thou knowest so well to fly? Is it the swift charger, that bore thee so gallantly in the last tournament that thou wouldst be master of?" To these kind inquiries, prompted by anxious affection, Henry gave no answer, but he seemed confounded, and held his peace. "Have I lost thy confidence then?" said the Duke; "what hast thou to complain of in my friendship for thee? Have I not always shown myself thy friend, rather than thy lord?"—"Ah, my dear, my gracious master," then exclaimed Henry—for he could hold no longer—

"take my life—I have lived too long—but never while I live can I forget what I owe to your grace: I am grateful, indeed I am—but miserable, very miserable. Oh my lord, do not press me for the cause of my grief—but rather drive me from your presence; recall your favours—yet leave me your compassion—I have much need of it."

The Duke was astonished at this, which he thought little short of phrenzy: and, consulting with his Duchess, they agreed to watch the young man narrowly, lest mischief might come of his strange infatuation.

One fine evening of the spring the page went out on the rampart of the castle—and believing himself to be unobserved, he sat down beneath a lofty pine, while to his lute he sung the following stanzas:—

SONG.

Ye pines that wave on high,
While echo wakes alone!
To your deep shade I fly,
To loose my bosom's groan.
'Tis love consumes my peace;
Yet though it tears this breast,
I would not it should cease,
Nor would I it were bless'd.

Ah no! ah no! ah no!

(*Echo*)—Ah no!

A sigh, a tear deny,

Should I my passion speak!

But when I silent die,

Let gentle sorrow break

From forth thy lips so pure,

Dear mistress of my soul—

For love will not endure

That duty should control,

Ah no! ah no! ah no!

(*Echo*)—Ah no!

So sung the page, accompanying the words very mournfully with his lute. Just as he had finished, and while he yet listened to the echo of that sad syllable which was a negative to all his happiness, he thought he heard light footsteps approaching; and, turning round tremblingly, to his great surprise and alarm, he perceived the Duke and the Duchess standing close by him. Attracted by the mournful air, the princely couple had soon discovered who the musician was, and were pleased to think that their servant should continue to have pleasure in one at least of his former accomplish-

ments—the practice of all the others having been laid aside by him since his unhappy alteration. Marking the words of the song, however, the Duke mused over them, yet forbore to question his page on the subject, recollecting how much disturbance had before been caused in his mind by inquiries of this nature. The noble lady uttered some gentle words to Henry, commending his voice, yet chiding his turn for solitude, and complaining that he should thus fly from friends to whose pleasures he might administer—while he gratified their kindness by his presence. “Are you, then, too proud to accept our praises?” said she, with one of her sweetest smiles, that no mortal could regard without feeling his heart stirred within him—so exquisitely was goodness of soul there mingled with a free gaiety, the consciousness and pride of beauty, and a deep, native, passionate tenderness. Hers was a smile in which all that is rich in woman’s nature was concentrated; and it burst forth, like a sudden ray of sunshine, to kindle up ecstasy, and smite high and low with admiration. And it was thus she now smiled upon the page—only the common fascination of her expression was heightened by a touch of sorrowful sympathy, which hung floatingly in her eyes;—to Henry’s conception it was as if the regard of

divinity made itself visible in the brightness of the sky, giving a meaning of beneficence to its sparkling beauty. He could not bear the effect of this look: it shook him to the very depths of his nature: it brought the music he had just been playing, the song he had just been singing, back upon him, like an overpowering wave, dashing his energies to the earth. He hastily muttered some words of thanks, which ran together into one choking sob—and rushed from the presence of his noble protectors, to lock himself into his little chamber in the turret, where, during the whole night, he gave passionate utterance to his intolerable affliction.

No sooner were the Duke and the Duchess left alone together, than the former said—"The cause of this youth's melancholy, I think I have at last divined. He loves your cousin Agnes, who accompanied you here from the court of Sigismund:—her rank makes him deem his passion hopeless, and hence his sorrow."

"Agnes would not be severe to him, I dare say," replied the Duchess:—"if it be love that is the cause of your page's melancholy, then must we compliment his modesty at the expense of his penetration—for he knows not the extent of his own power of pleasing, and the general regard in which he is held, if he

allow himself to doubt of a favourable return to his passion on the part of any lady of our court, who can in honour receive and reward his affection."

"Do you, then, sound your cousin on this matter," rejoined the Duke: "for my conjecture is right, as time will doubtless show."

The fair Agnes owned to her friend and mistress, what she had before confessed to her own heart—that the beautiful youth was not to her an indifferent object; and she added, that, for some time past, she had suspected it was even as the Duchess surmised. It appeared to her, that she was regarded with inclination by the Duke's page—though as yet he had not said a syllable of his passion—for she had observed, that his eyes were ever directed to the balcony where she usually sat with the Duchess—and once he had been seen to press eagerly to his lips a handkerchief which she had just dropped from her hand, after taking it from the neck of her royal relation.

With this news delighted, and eager to declare them, the Duchess hastened to her husband; who forthwith ordered that his court should take a journey of pleasure to the baths of Warmbrunn, that were even then much celebrated; contriving, at the same time, that the two lovers (as they were

esteemed) should be left behind—thus giving them good opportunity of coming to an explanation. The Duchess, as she went to her palfrey, conducted by the ever assiduous Henry, whispered in his ear: “Be of good heart, wait with patience till we return, and then you shall be happy.” The page was thunderstruck: her words thrilled through him: he could scarcely stand; and the gracious lady, seeing his extreme agitation, turned towards him her eyes, that beamed with infinite kindness, and reached him her hand to kiss. He fell on his knees, as he received the unlooked-for boon—and when he returned to his chamber, after the Duchess’s departure, he was almost convulsed by the force and variety of his feelings.—Did he understand her aright? His duty to his lord—could he forget it? Gratitude! Honour! Love! all these considerations worked in his mind with the fury of a volcano.

A message from his master and mistress gave him soon occasion to join them at the baths. “Well, you have now recovered your gaiety, my distrustful page,” exclaimed the Duke, with an arch smile, as he approached. The youth looked with consternation at the speaker:—“the gentle Agnes was not obdurate, I dare say—approach, then, and thank

your fair advocate here: the Duchess I mean: she it was who did a good office for you with her lovely cousin!"

Henry felt despair circling his heart, and freezing it, with each word of this address. His resolution was instantly taken; and this enabled him to preserve his calmness. His cheek was pale, but it changed not: his eye remained steady, as he made a commonplace reply—and the Duke and the Duchess congratulated themselves on the restoration of the page's tranquillity.

The 18th of May was the birth-day of the Duchess: on that morning the rich cavalcade set out for the Castle of Kynast, meaning to celebrate the joyful festival by chivalrous sports. Henry rode by his mistress's carriage, on a beautiful horse which she had given to him that day twelvemonth. Every one remarked the paleness of his countenance; but an unusual fire sparkled in his eyes, and altogether he seemed to exult, rather than, as of late, to mourn. There was general satisfaction expressed at the happy change. The page's steed seemed determined that day to show his master to the greatest possible advantage. He went snorting with courage; sometimes playing disdainfully with the earth, which he struck with short bounds; then rearing as

if in fury; then springing forward as if maddened by restraint—yet all the while proud of his rider's sway, and never for one instant escaping, or seeking to escape, from the secret invisible power of his flexible practised hand. All eyes were fixed on the gallant youth, and above all those of the Duchess—who that day seemed to herself to feel an interest in him of a more remarkable nature than what she had ever before experienced—and which created something like an agitation in her heart for which she could not account. His pale face, his beaming eyes, riveted her attention. She could not take her looks from them; and once or twice she uttered a short hasty cry of alarm, as the spirited charger appeared to expose his rider to peril. The page, on these occasions, bowed gracefully, but seriously, towards his mistress; and altogether he seemed like one who had suddenly acquired new and high privileges—which he was incapable to abuse, but proud of possessing.

A sumptuous banquet was given to the knights and retainers on the great lawn before the Castle; and, after this, Etha took her seat beneath a splendid canopy to witness the games. They were many and various, of an athletic kind; and in these the page distinguished himself, as he was wont;—few

could compete with him, either in agility or courage. The last trial of both now only remained; it had been ordered by the masters of the festival, that, to conclude the day's exercises, a prize of a golden chain should be awarded to him who should dare to climb the warder's lofty tower—overlooking the precipice on the brink of which the Castle stood—by the projecting stones of the external wall—a difficult and perilous task, which it was thought few would attempt, and perhaps none perform. The conditions were, that the successful person (if any succeeded) when standing on the extreme parapet, should receive a goblet, filled with wine, from the warder's hand: that, thus elevated in the eyes of all, he should pronounce the name of his mistress; drink her health in the contents of the cup, and then, descending, receive the chain he had won, from the hands of the Duchess herself.

Many young cavaliers made the attempt—but soon relinquished it. The danger and fatigue were too great. At last the trumpets announced that Henry of Chila was about to essay the enterprise. He was observed to look earnestly at the Duchess as he advanced to the foot of the rock. He was soon seen ascending; and, while the crowd held their breaths, under the influence of admiration and horror min-

gled, the adventurous youth gained the summit—and stood erect and firm on the fearful height. The warder held out to him the bowl filled with wine; a shout from below greeted his triumph; the utmost silence then prevailed, for all burned with curiosity to hear pronounced the name of her who had gained the heart of Henry of Chila. “He is about to utter the name of Agnes,” said the Duchess to one of her ladies—and as she said this, she sighed. “He has done a dangerous feat for her,” she added.—Henry raised the cup in his right hand;—the sun was setting—its rays flashed upon him horizontally, kindling the fair locks that streamed about his face, disordered by the exertion of climbing. He stood like a divine messenger, about to communicate the will of heaven to mortals. The silence grew more fixed and deep. Not a breath was suffered to escape.

“I drink,” exclaimed he, with a loud voice—“to my mistress—to her whom I love—to Etha, Duchess of Liegnitz—wife of my most honoured and esteemed master, the Duke—whom I have ever served with fidelity—and to whom in the moment of death I declare my gratitude.”

A piercing shriek was uttered by the Duchess, as she turned away her head—for too well she foresaw what was about to happen. The Duke sprung for-

ward, exclaiming, "in the name of God! hold!" A loud cry was the next instant set up by the whole multitude—and the body of the unfortunate page lay mangled and lifeless on the stones beneath the Castle wall!

Deep sobs and stifled screams were heard to come from under the canopy; and a sad agitation and hurried moments prevailed there amongst the attendants. The Abbot of Lambus advanced towards the corpse, crossing his hands over his breast, and exclaiming in a trembling voice, "to his poor soul may God have mercy!"—"To his poor soul may God have mercy," was solemnly ejaculated by the crowd, as with one voice; and the echoes in the mountains around were thrice heard to repeat the word "*mercy*." The Duke ordered the remains of his page to be collected for burial in the Ducal vault at Leignitz.

LINES WRITTEN IN WINTER,

To the sole remaining Leaf of an Oak Tree.

BY JAMES BIRD.

WHY lingerest thou—alone—alone—

While all thy mates are fled?

Thy race, and kindred, one by one,

Have withered, and are dead.

I marked thee, on that spreading bough,

When thou wast fair to see;

But thou art seared and lonely now—

Oh! leave that blighted tree!

For thou bring'st back the thought of her,

Of her I oft have met,

Whom, though my wayward heart may err,

That heart can ne'er forget.

Beneath thy bough, when bright the sun

Sank joyous in the west,

Oft have I met that lovely one,
And, meeting her, was blest.

The last sad time we met, this oak
Was clad in garb of green;
Our hearts beat high—our young eyes spoke
How glad those hearts had been.

She smiled—and o'er her cheek so fair,
Blushed deep the mantling blood;
Though warm that cheek, yet death lurked there,
Like canker in the bud!

She died!—Farewell thou leaf! bereft
Of all that decked thy tree,
Oh! thou art seared—and lonely left—
And desolate, like me!

ON THE CLOSE OF THE YEAR.

FAREWELL to thee, past year of pain !

Thy closing scene I cannot mourn,
I would not live thee o'er again

For worlds—if thou could'st e'en return ;
But no ! thou art for ever gone,
Swept off by time's all changing fate ;
Alas ! thou didst not fade alone,
As felt those hearts left desolate.

How oft that bitter word farewell,
On the heart's tend'rest chord strikes deep,
And vibrates like the passing knell
Of joys sunk to eternal sleep.
But thou hast been no soothing friend,
That I should sigh, or shed a tear,
When nature hails thy timely end,
Too well remember'd—joyless year ;

For those beloved were lowly laid
Beneath the ice-cold chilling tomb,

And sorrow's darkest tinted shade
O'erwhelm'd my soul with deepen'd gloom;
But tears embalm within my heart
The tender thought of those now blest,
Whose mem'ry never can depart,
Till that heart's throb is hush'd to rest.

Yet there are some whose smiling hours
Float lightly o'er the living stream,
Whose brows are wreath'd with those gay flow'rs
That spring from hope's enchanting dream.
But what is life's most splendid day?
'Tis but an evanescent light:
Just like a meteor's brilliant ray
Upon the cold dark face of night.

But oh! perhaps the opening year
May days of brighter lustre shed,
They cannot be more dark and drear
Than those of late pass'd o'er my head;
Such trials come from realms above,
To wean us from a world of tears,
But he who chides with tender love,
Alone can cheer our future years.

ON THE NEW YEAR.

BY AGNES STRICKLAND.

THE waves of Time in sure but silent tide
Are flowing onward in their swift career,
Bringing eternity each hour more near;
And we with careless glance behold them glide
From us for ever.—And with thoughts allied
To mirth or sadness, hail another year,
Born, like its elder brethren, to appear,
Then dream-like to Oblivion's caverns slide,
Vain and forgotten, as it ne'er had been;
Or heeded only in its flight by those *n*
To whom its joyless course, however brief,
Is marked by torturing cares and ceaseless woes;
Unlike the bright perspective youth has seen,
Which gilds Life's ills with hope, and smiles at
grief.

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